ESSE JAMES ATTEMPTED SUICIDE

TRUE WEST

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ELL TRAIN
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FOUGHT
ANCHO VILLA

LOSING YOUR MARBLES

Olive Mann Isbell - Teacher, Nurse, War Hero

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The Country Music Foundation, Nashville, Tennessee,
is proud to announce its Official Archive Collection

THE GREATEST COUNTRY MUSIC RECORDINGS OF ALL TIME

Unprecedented and unequaled in our time —
the complete and definitive collection of America's
country and western music.

- ***The best of 75,000 records from the Foundation archives and the vaults of every country music label.***
- ***The first collection to include all the great country artists.***
- ***Featuring all the great hits, the milestone performances, out-of-issue pressings and unreleased recordings.***

For the first time in history, the greatest recorded performances of country music's greatest artists will be brought together in a single, definitive collection. It will include the most important recordings by the leading country artists of today ... landmark performances by legendary greats ... and all the diverse and varied musical styles that have enriched America's country music.

This remarkable collection is the official issue of the Country Music Foundation — home of the Country Music Hall of Fame and Museum, and the world's largest library of recorded country music. And it is the first complete collection that the Foundation has ever issued honoring *The Greatest Country Music Recordings of All Time.*

A unique collection that only the Country Music Foundation *could assemble*

To assemble this collection, the staff of the Country Music Foundation carefully reviewed the Foundation's own archives of 75,000 records. In addition, they enlisted the support of all the country music record companies — whose vaults hold many of the master recordings selected for this collection. And they were able to obtain rare recordings from private collectors and country music artists themselves.

As a result, the Country Music Foundation Official Archive

"Country is the music of the people. Songs of the soil, forsaken and fulfilled love. Story songs whose music is both contemporary and timeless ... I love it, and I am proud to be part of the first collection to tell the whole country music story."
— Johnny Cash

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Collection is unique both in scope and importance. A collection that would be difficult – or impossible – for any individual to duplicate.

All the great performers

The collection will feature milestone recordings from the careers of country music's most important artists. Such *great contemporaries* as Loretta Lynn, with 'Blue Kentucky Girl' and 'Coal Miner's Daughter.' Kenny Rogers and The First Edition, with 'Ruby, Don't Take Your Love to Town.' Johnny Cash with 'I Walk The Line' and 'Sunday Morning Coming Down.' Dolly Parton, with 'Coat Of Many Colors' and 'My Tennessee Mountain Home.' The "outlaw" music of Willie Nelson. The Nashville sound of Chet Atkins and Eddy Arnold. Country rock, with The Charlie Daniels Band. And country classics by popular music artists Linda Ronstadt, Glen Campbell and Anne Murray.

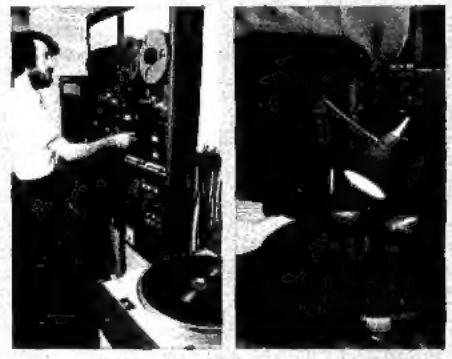
Also included will be the unforgettable recordings of such long-time *favorites* as Hank Snow, Ernest Tubb and Merle Travis. The *legendary giants:* Hank Williams, Patsy Cline, Jim Reeves, Flatt and Scruggs, and Jimmie Rodgers. And recordings that reflect regional influences and evolving musical styles – *bluegrass, Cajun, country gospel, western swing, honky tonk* and *rockabilly.*

The collection will include such *rare recordings* as Vernon Dalhart's 1924 recording of 'The Prisoner's Song' – country music's first million selling record, and Loretta Lynn's early classic 'Honky Tonk Girl' – now out of issue. And from the Foundation's archives will come *previously unreleased recordings* – studio "takes" never before made generally available.

Records of superior quality

Every step has been taken to ensure the *technical excellence* of the collection. Thus, all of the *early* recordings will first undergo a painstaking restoration process in the Country Music Foundation's newly opened Audio Restoration Laboratory. Here, recordings of classic performances will be electronically "cleaned" groove-by-groove to eliminate extraneous surface noise and preserve the original sound.

To produce the records, the Foundation has appointed The Franklin Mint Record Society – judged by audio experts to be a leader in producing records of superior quality. The vinyl used will be of a special formula containing its own anti-static element. This material, together with the careful process by which the pressing is made, results in a record that is more rigid, durable and resistant to dust. A true *proof-quality record* – providing exceptional tonal fidelity and clear, clean sound when played through any of today's audio systems.



In the Foundation's audio laboratory, the latest electronic techniques are used to restore the original sound quality of early recordings. Then, the records are pressed in a dust-free "clean room," where strict production standards, and audio and visual inspection, assure high quality.

Fascinating musical "program" in each album

Custom hardbound albums have been designed to house and protect all 100 proof-quality records in this collection.

Each album will contain four long-playing records, presenting a program of artists and recordings carefully selected by the Foundation, and unique to this collection. And each album will be accompanied by specially prepared program notes, illustrated with photographs from the Foundation's permanent collection.

Available by subscription only

If you have a long-standing interest in America's country music . . . or are just discovering its rich and exciting sound . . . this Official Archive Collection is an indispensable treasure. A complete, comprehensive and authoritative collection of the greatest recordings in country music – on records of exceptional fidelity.

The collection may be acquired only by direct subscription to The Franklin Mint Record Society, Franklin Center, Pennsylvania 19091. It will not be sold through record stores. To enter your subscription, simply complete and return the accompanying application. Please note it should be mailed by October 31, 1982.

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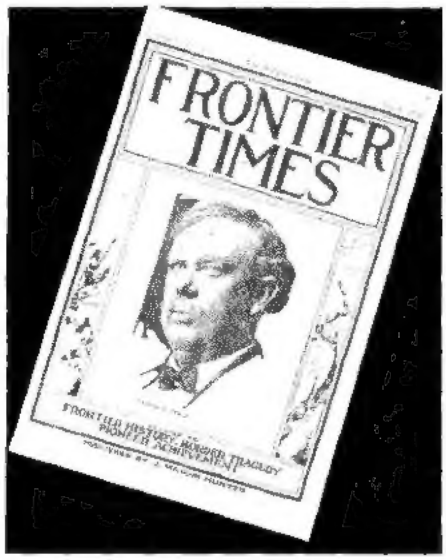
SUBSCRIPTION INFORMATION



Faithful reproductions of great western history! In 1923 J. Marvin Hunter began publishing FRONTIER TIMES in Bandera, Texas, recording events exactly as they happened. Today, original copies are next to impossible to find. But, starting in 1972, Western Publications began reproducing these rare issues complete, including the ads. Subscriber copies are mailed every 3 months, 3 issues at a time in a protective envelope 49 years after the original cover date.

HUNTER'S FRONTIER TIMES AGL
700 E. State St.
Iola, WI 54990

Please enter my subscription to HUNTER'S FRONTIER TIMES as follows:

- ☐ New subscription
- ☐ Renewing/extending
- ☐ 1 Year (12 issues) $10.00
- ☐ 2 Years (24 issues) . . . $17.95

Foreign subscriptions, including Canada and Mexico, please add $5.00 per year for postage and handling. All payments must be in U.S. funds.

- ☐ My check or money order is enclosed
- ☐ Charge to my MasterCard/Visa account

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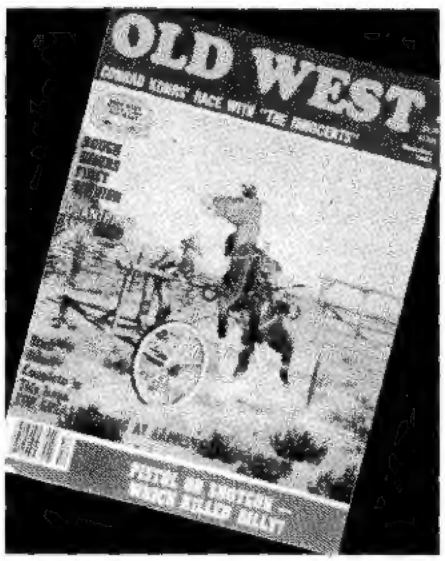

True stories of the Old West in every issue, recording people and times the way they actually were! Life on the dangerous side of the Mississippi between the mid-1800's and the 1920's is documented, including Indians, pioneers, cowboys and anybody who made tracks! Lots of authentic old photos to illustrate the articles. Classified advertising section. Great Western writing worth reading and rereading!

OLD WEST
700 E. State St. AFT
Iola, WI 54990

Please enter my subscription to OLD WEST (published quarterly) as follows:

- ☐ New subscription
- ☐ Renewing/extending
- ☐ 6 issues $4.95
- ☐ 12 issues $8.95

Foreign subscriptions, including Canada and Mexico, please add $2.50 per 6 issues for postage and handling. All payments must be in U.S. funds.

- ☐ My check or money order is enclosed
- ☐ Charge to my MasterCard/Visa account

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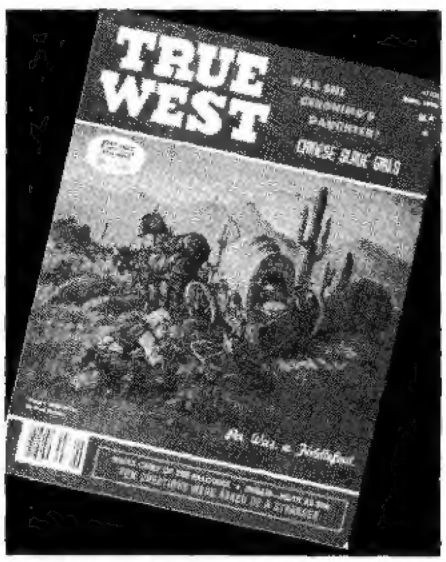

If Western America as it really was fascinates you, then you'll enjoy TRUE WEST! Featured are action stories and articles on badmen, lawmen, range wars, trail drives, cowboys, ranch life, mining, Indians, the frontier army, lost treasure and the gold rush. Regular features include "Trails Grown Dim", non-fiction book reviews and "Hosstail's Small Talk" column, plus classified ads.

TRUE WEST
700 E. State St., AHD
Iola, WI 54990

Please enter my subscription to TRUE WEST (published monthly) as follows:

- ☐ New subscription
- ☐ Renewing/extending
- ☐ 1 Year (12 issues) $9.95
- ☐ 2 Years (24 issues) . . . $17.95

Foreign subscriptions, including Canada and Mexico, please add $5.00 per year for postage and handling. All payments must be in U.S. funds.

- ☐ My check or money order is enclosed
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From The Editor

To get this issue started with a bang, we have a rootin-tootin, ripsnorter from Ben Townsend called "Hell Train out of Yuma." Townsend's pace is fast, the gunsmoke is thick, and the desperadoes do everything from break jail to hijack a train engine. This is the kind of action we hope you enjoy.

There's another unusual article in this issue, "I Fought Pancho Villa," by Robert Valdner. This was not intended as an article in the first place. Several months ago Valdner sent a leather holster and gunbelt to me for display at the University of Wyoming.

The National Association for Outlaw and Lawman History has a display room at the university's Western Research Center and Valdner contributed his grandfather's memorabilia for that. Along with the gunbelt and holster he sent a long letter detailing some of his grandfather's exploits as a bootlegger and scout in the Mexican revolution.

Grandfather Valdner, who is still kicking at age 95 in Woodburne, N.Y., recalled such dramatic scenes, especially a gun battle (the battle of Guerrero), that I thought it would make a good story. Valdner supplied additional information and some remarkable photos and that's what you see in this issue.

Although we have many women western history writers, the role women played in the Old West is often overshadowed by their male compatriots. When women are discussed, it's usually as prostitutes or barmaids. It's nice to see a story come along where the western woman was a heroine as in Thelma M. Wible's story, "Olive Mann Isbell, Teacher, Nurse, Hero."

But, of course, to deny that some women in the Old West were prostitutes and barmaids is to fail to tell the truth. So, we have Dorothy Emerson Yeager's sometimes humorous account of Sadie Orchard, the madam who became one of the best-known personalities in several New Mexican mining towns.

Though she liked to dress to the hilt and flaunt her wealth, Sadie was not always a lady.

Although much has been written about Jesse James, it may not be generally known that he once attempted suicide. Carl Breihan, who probably has written more about Jesse James than any living author, tells us how it happened.

There's a passel of other good stories in this issue, from Genevieve Miller's "The Floating Coffins," about ships sinking in Puget sound, to Paul F. Long's account of William P. Hall, the "Horse King of the World."

We always like to keep a good geographical distribution to our stories and in this issue, the action takes place in such far apart places as Kentucky and California, Washington and Missouri, Mexico and Utah.

Also in this issue, you'll meet old friends like "Trails Grown Dim," and Hosstail's "Smalltalk," and a few new things, like our new Western Roundup of places to go and things to see throughout the West. And you'll find a new look to some things as we change and improve to bring you the best possible magazine.

While we will add a bit here, try a few things there, we'll always remain faithful to those readers who want us to tell it like it was. Joe Small decided nearly 30 years ago when he started *TRUE WEST* that it was not good enough to carry stories based on fact. The stories have to be fact — and it remains true today.

Since we have a new crew here in Iola putting this together for you every month, we'd like to hear from you. What else would you like to see in the magazines? What do you like most? What do you like least?

Just a word about December's issue. It promises to be a dandy. It's our annual mining, ghost town and treasure issue and this year we've uncovered some pretty startling caches. Along with the locations of mines, towns and treasure troves, we'll add a little spice and humor with accounts of early day mining towns.

Til then, keep things truly western.

Jim Dullenty

Courtesy Dick House, Western Writers of America

Natlee Kenoyer, left, president of the Western Writers of America, and True West Editor Jim Dullenty discuss a recent issue of True West at this summer's WWA convention in Santa Fe, New Mexico. True West and Old West sponsored a booth at the convention and Dullenty spoke on trends in magazine publishing.

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TRUE WEST

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To assure prompt service when contacting us with an address change or other inquiry concerning your subscription, please include the mailing label from a recent issue, along with your new address. Mail all subscription inquires to True West, Iola, WI 54990.

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OUR COVER

Joe Rader Roberts, who died last July, had painted more than 40 covers for Western Publications since he began in 1972. This issue's painting, which he called "Sundown," is published as a memorial to Roberts.

Manuscripts, artwork, and photographs will be treated with care, but their safety while in our hands is not guaranteed. Enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope of sufficient size for return, with all submissions. Mail to 700 East State St., Iola, WI 54990. Copyright 1982 by Western Publications.

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Hosstail's Small Talk

The typewriters are silent. There are no voices throughout the Austin office. Everything is empty. There is nobody around except Liz and myself, and it seems a little sad.

One phase of nearly a lifetime of publishing has come to an end for us. Liz and I will still be here at the same old address, and you can get in touch with us as usual (and please do). The rest of the operations are in Iola, Wisconsin now, and they are going full steam up there.

I have never written a *Small Talk* feeling the way I do now. In the first place, I don't feel well to start with and, in the second place, I am in a highly reflective mood. As I say, I have almost a lifetime of publishing to reflect on, and I want to do some of it now. You folks have written in that you enjoy my ups and downs in the publishing business, so I'll give you a few more of them right now.

I never did tell you the actual cause of *True West* getting started. Way back when I took a year off to go to business school between high school and college, I was in Fort Worth and in the office of a bank president — why, I don't know. It's too long ago to remember. The president had been reading my stories in the pulps and told me that he enjoyed them. He said that he liked to read those stories every night before he went to sleep. Opening a bottom drawer cautiously, he looked over his shoulder to be sure no one was around and pulled out one of the regular old pulp western magazines with one of my stories on the cover. Holding it high, he slammed it down on the desk in front of my face, startling me considerably, and remarked, "When is someone going to publish a western magazine that you can leave on your desk?" I made some sort of brilliant statement like "I don't know," whereupon he scooped the magazine up and hid it back in the bottom drawer.

That incident stayed on my mind. I don't know why it affected me so strongly, but I would think of it periodically and wonder who in the world would ever publish a western magazine that a president could leave on his desk. I never thought that fellow would be me.

I sold my first article when I was 14 years old. Add on the years later that I have in publishing and it all comes to around 51 years. I got a check for an article while I was staying in a boarding house going to the University of Texas in Austin. Without any flare whatsoever, I carefully showed it to my roommate and I'll never forget that scene. He looked over the check carefully, reached for his book mark, closed the government book that he was studying, and, as it so happened, he never opened it again.

"That is interesting," Eugene Arrington said, "Tell me more about your writings." Gene was my roommate and this was the first time I really opened up on him relative to my life's ambitions. At one point I stated "When I get through with the university here, I am going to start a magazine called *The Southern Sportsman* with a subtitle of 'Not a Moose Nor a Muskie In It' and it will be for southern hunters and fishermen only. You can't read a sportsman's magazine these days that isn't full of north woods and eastern stories. This really got Gene going.

"Why wait until you get through with the University? Somebody will have your idea and gone with it by that time. Why don't we pool our resources and get started *right now*?"

I knew better, but the flesh was weak. Even in those days it took a half million dollars to turn out a magazine with national circulation and do it successfully. This was to be a publication with regional editorial appeal but national circulation. The story of our quitting the University, staying in the boarding house and getting out that first issue of *Southern Sportsman* would make a small book!

And after numerous trials and tribulations, not enough money (I had $63 and Gene had $59 to start with!), along came World War II. We suspended publication while serving in the armed forces. Another magazine called *Western Sportsman,* published in Denver, Colorado, suspended publication for the same reason during that time and, now get this, I didn't have enough troubles with one magazine, so I bought another on a pay-out proposition.

Gene got smart and got him a state job. I was so dedicated to putting out a successful outdoor magazine that I suppose I would have had to been starved out to have seen the light.

I resumed *Western Sportsman* first and intended to bring along *Southern Sportsman* when the first one became successful and publish them as a pair — national circulation, regional editorial interest. It was a good idea and would have worked — and partially did. I finally got *Western Sportsman* into the black, which just happened to be the first regional outdoor magazine in the country that had obtained that status. But instead of bringing on *Southern Sportsman* for the working pair, my thoughts turned toward that magazine a bank president could leave on his desk. The title should have been easy, perfectly obvious, but it was 2:30 one morning when I couldn't sleep that I finally thought of *True West.* It didn't even sound too hot in the very beginning.

I'll never forget that summer we spent in Wyoming in a tiny cabin beside Dell Creek — a beautiful stream full of trout and cold as ice. The kids were young then and they had a wonderful time just prowling around. Jim was too young to prowl and we had to keep a close eye on him and the creek.

Well, I did some of my first work on *True West* that summer. It was one of the most pleasant periods of my whole life, working hard on getting out an issue of *Western Sportsman* and squeezing in some time on *True West,* then quitting at five o'clock and grabbing my fly rod to catch a supper's worth of trout. Molly and Jim Bosone ran the working cattle ranch, and I'll never forget the terrific ranch food we had during that time. It was a summer

(Continued on page 63)

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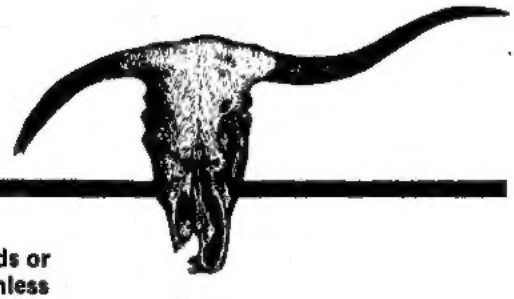
Truly Western



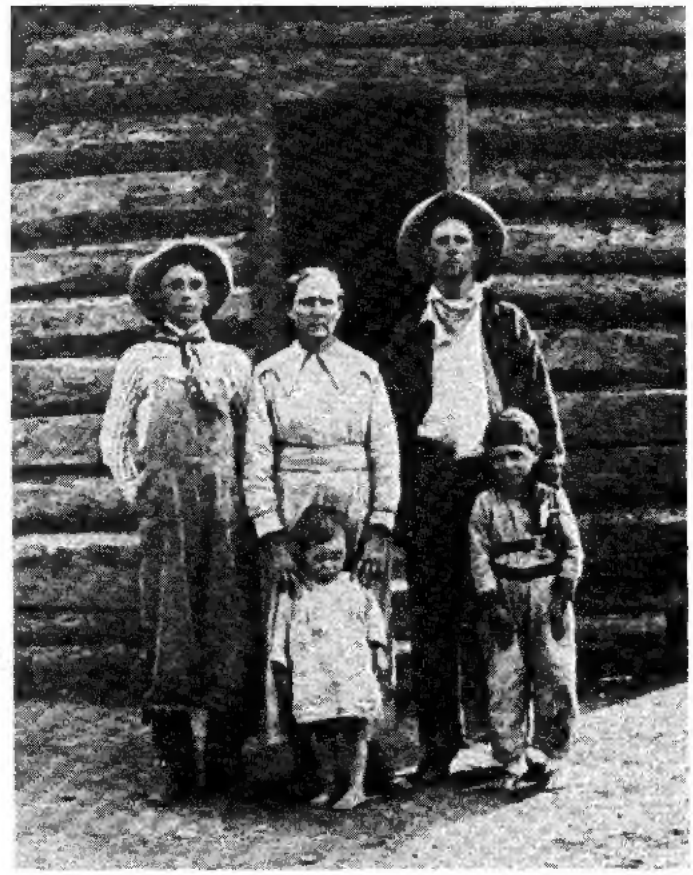
Your letters and comments are welcome. Please keep letters to 300 words or less. All letters received by TRUE WEST will be considered for publication unless otherwise stipulated in the letter. Space does not permit us to print all letters we receive. Be sure to include full name, address and zip code. Address letters to TRUE WEST, Iola, Wis. 54990.

The Wine had 'Body'

It was with great pleasure and some nostalgia that I read the article on Ulysses Herard in the February issue of *True West*. He was quite elderly (in my ten-year-old eyes) at the time I knew him, but I recall him very clearly. Ulysses was a frequent visitor at my Grandfather, C. H. "Charlie" Wellington's ranch in the foothills of Mount Blanca (Colorado.) I remember that Charlie had some turkeys running around the yard and Ulysses delighted in teasing the big old tom. The two of them would circle each other, both strutting, and the old man gobbling like a turkey. The fencing went on for considerable time and was like some primitive ritual dance.

Another incident where Ulysses was concerned happened when Charlie and I rode horseback up past the San Dunes to Ulysses' cabin. We went to do some trout fishing in the well stocked stream that flowed through the Herard place. Ulysses was pleased to see Charlie and when the greetings were over, he said, "Charlie, I've made some chokecherry wine you have to sample." We entered his cabin and Ulysses took a lid off a large wooden barrel. It was filled with purple-red liquid. Also floating on top of the fermenting wine was a small drowned mouse. This circumstance didn't seem to perturb Ulysses at all. He just took down a tin dipper, reached in and dipped out the mouse, and threw the whole works out the door of the cabin. This done, he went back to the cask, dipped another dipperful and handed it over to Charlie. That was one of the few times I ever saw indecision on Granddad Wellington's face. He didn't want to offend Ulysses, knowing the old man was quite eccentric, but he didn't really want the wine at that point. Being totally game in any situation, Charlie drained the dipper, and commented that it had a "pretty good body," a remark that Ulysses didn't catch because of his hearing problem.

When we rode out of the canyon that evening the old man waved from the cabin door, and my path never crossed his again. Charlie never went back up there fishing again, to my knowledge, and I always felt he had had his fill of Ulysses' special brew of chokecherry wine. It took quite a bit to cause Charlie Wellington to give up a good fishing spot. — Elmer R. Wellington, Box 614, Port Maitland, N.S., Canada BOW 2V0



Phobie Collins and her family.

Early 'New Mexicans'

I am enclosing a photograph of my grandmother, Phobie Collins, her sons Clyde (on her right), and Brewley (on her left), and her grandchildren, Maurine and James Collins. This picture was taken in front of her log house on the family homestead at Green's Gap, New Mexico in 1919.

Phobie died in San Diego at the age of 104. Clyde still lives in San Diego and is an avid reader of TRUE WEST magazine. James Collins now lives in Los Angeles and at the age of 68 is also a

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subscriber to TRUE WEST. So you have two generations of TRUE WEST readers.

I also subscribe to your magazine and really enjoy Eve Ball's articles about people in New Mexico. She writes about some of the people the family knew in the early days. — Betty Collins, 1314 W. Roosevelt, Phoenix, AZ 85007.

Herman N. Luce Cabin

The Luce cabin located at Lake Herman State Park, Madison, South Dakota, played an important role in the history of Lake County. After years of research, there are still many voids to be filled to complete the story.

The staff at Lake Herman State Park is seeking information regarding the life of Herman N. Luce and his family, uses of the Luce cabin during the period of 1880-1940 and other persons who may have lived in the cabin.

The information may be in the form of photographs, letters, newspaper articles, relics, etc. or simply a story handed down through the generations. If anyone has anything along this line, please contact Lake Herman State Park, Route 3, Box 79, Madison, SD 57042 or phone 605-256-3613.

The Woolly West

I ran across the enclosed letter written and printed in 1914. My mother had sent her letter back to her home town in Auburn, Illinois.

"To the Editor: I will now take the opportunity the *Citizen* offers and write to the many friends, acquaintances and old neighbors to whom I have never written a personal letter.

"I left dear old Auburn July 31 to join my husband who had come to Wyoming six weeks before. I enjoyed the trip immensely, it being my first trip outside the state of Illinois. I traveled by rail to Clearmont, Wyoming which I reached on the eve of August 2. From there I traveled in an auto stage to Buffalo, 35 miles. There my husband met me. August the 4th we came to the ranch, 50 miles from Buffalo, where he and I are working for a good old bachelor, I being engaged as cook.

"We live near a small town called Kaycee, which has only fifty in population, Buffalo and Kaycee being the only cities in Johnson County. We live in a three-room log house which is "right in style" in this part of the country. The North Fork Powder River runs about fifty yards from the front of the house. There is where we get all the water we use. We can plainly see the Big Horn Mountains, as they are only about 25 miles from here and their snow capped peaks are beautiful in the sunlight. The oil wells are about 45 miles from here. I often see the smoke from them; the air is so light a person can see for many miles.

We have been having unusually pretty weather for Wyoming at this time of year. We have only had two light snows. This is a very unlevel country and is mostly adapted for stock raising although some farming is done. Better results are given to those who can irrigate their land, although some "dry farming" is done. During the summer months it gets pretty warm in the forenoon, but there is always a good breeze. Every night the year around, the nights are so cool it is comfortable sleeping between heavy wool blankets. This is a healthful country and we like it fine.

"This is sure the 'wooly' West. I met with an experience that showed plainly I was a tenderfoot. My husband and the boss were at work about a mile from the house and I was along, when someone came riding up to me and as I looked up I beheld an Indian. I don't believe I was ever so scared in my life. His black

Joe Rader Roberts (1925-1982)

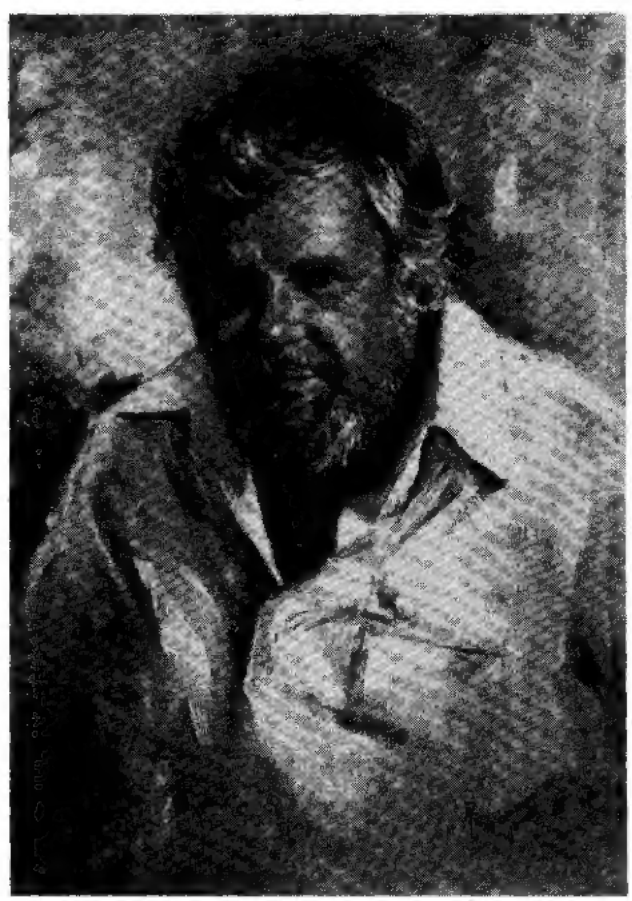
Joe Rader Roberts (1925-1982), who died last July 18 in Houston, Texas, painted more than 40 covers for Western Publications since 1972. A Joe Rader Roberts' painting is on the cover of this issue of TRUE WEST in his memory.

Roberts, who was known for his paintings of cowboy life, also was regarded as an authority on American art. He had a large library of American painters and had studied thousands of books.

He studied at the California School of Fine Arts in 1945-47 and in 1948, moved to Houston where he started an advertising agency. He continued that but gradually increased his painting production.

By 1965, he had sold all business interests and was well on his way as an artist. He chose western art, according to his son, Gary Lynn Roberts, who also is an artist whose works appear in TRUE WEST and OLD WEST, because he loved the West and was proud that he was a native Texan.

The painting of Roberts accompanying this story was done by his wife, Nelda Zwerneman Roberts, who also is an artist.



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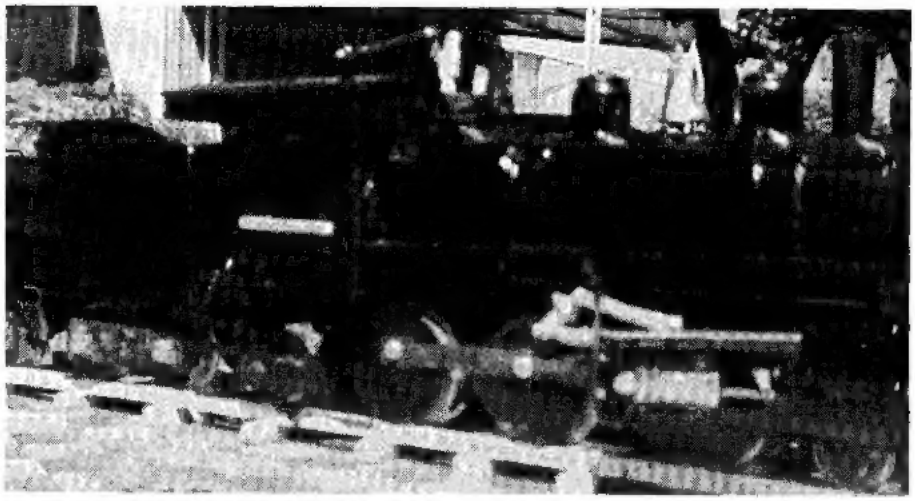

Wooden model train created by reader.

coarse hair hung in two braids and he was so fierce looking. He said, 'Where's man' and I managed to stammer a few words and pointed in the direction of the men and he started out, kicking his pony in the flanks as fast as he could. As soon as I could move (for I seemed rooted to the ground) I started for the men also. Across the fields, through the sage brush, across the river and finally arriving there a few seconds later than the Indian. They laughed and called me a tenderfoot and I will never forget the first Indian I have seen outside a circus. Next morning I was told that there were three wagons of them camped near here. I climbed the highest fence here and could see their campfires and wagons and see them moving about but couldn't see them very distinctly. I remember how I loved to see the western moving pictures and see the cowboys, but now I see real ones. I have never seen a coyote yet, as they do not come near the house, but I hear them sometimes at night and sometimes during the day.

"Husband and I intend to homestead in the spring and then, dear friends, we would be glad to have you make us a visit. I am sure you would like the country and enjoy the trip.

"Wishing you all a merry Christmas, Mrs. Marshall D. Jenkins, Kaycee, Wyoming."

Sure do like your magazines. — Mrs. Polly Jenkins Oltion, Box 478, Story, WY 82842

Model Trains

I had a cataract operation on both eyes last fall. Now that I can see to read again I want to subscribe to your magazines. I hope you will have some stories about the old-time trains and gold miners. I make trains out of wood for a hobby. I'm sending a picture of an engine model like the one I fired for the Union Pacific back in 1918 in in Utah and Wyoming. — Frank A. Lyon, 3737 S. W. 117th, Sp. 68, Beaverton, OR 97005

Cody's 'Dentist'

I always like to read Hosstail's "Small Talk" and want to relate a story I heard years ago. The story was told to me by an old cowboy, Art Mayberry, now a legend in Cody, Wyoming territory, who imbibed his share of liquor.

Back years ago Cody didn't have a town drunk — everybody chipped in. We hung out at the Wonder Bar owned by Ole Webster. All cowboys and sheepherders stayed there until they were broke. Art Mayberry and a short duck-legged cowboy by the name of Shorty Schaffer always met at the Wonder Bar and the tales would start.

At that time we had an undertaker in town by the name of "Digger" Smith. He too took on his share of spirits. Shorty was having all his teeth pulled at the local dentist and was complaining about the price he would have to pay for new false teeth. Art wore ill fitting dentures but he spoke up when the price of new teeth was mentioned. He said, "Hell's fire, Shorty, you don't have to pay fifty bucks to get new dentures. Go over to Digger Smith's. He's got a whole tub of 'em. I got these I'm wearing now for 50¢ a set, but I had to go back twice to get a better fit." — Don Bell, Byron, WY 82412.

The Answer Man

Beginning with the January issue of TRUE WEST, Chuck Parsons, who has spent more than twenty-five years researching the Old West, will attempt to answer your questions.

Questions should be brief, but can cover any area of western history. Genealogical questions should be sent to the TRAILS GROWN DIM column.

Please sign all questions with your full name and address (including zip code). Names and addresses of questioners will be published if their question is used. Space limitations may not permit us to publish all questions. If questions can be answered by mail, Parsons will do so.

Parsons, who has been a principal in schools in Minnesota and Wisconsin, is the author of books on Clay Allison and John Wesley Hardin. He also has written articles for TRUE WEST and other western history magazines. Address all questions to: Chuck Parsons, TRUE WEST, Iola, Wis. 54990.

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Trails Grown Dim

Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places — and most of all, please limit letters to 150 words or less. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Family Spends Six Months Crossing Plains

About 1550, an ancestor of Elija Scovil brought a boatload of goods from Holland to a colony in America, then returned and brought immigrants to colonize America.

Elija Scovil was born February 13, 1775 in Vermont and died in Portland, Oregon on November 7, 1877. He married Elizabeth Cole.

Elija and Elizabeth moved west after their marriage to live in Michigan, Ohio, Illinois, and Missouri. In 1862, they started across the plains with an ox team and were five months and twenty days on the road. They settled in Polk County, Oregon and resided there until Elija died in 1877. Elizabeth died on January 8, 1892.

One of their children was Sarah Martha Bennett who married Alfred Munsell on July 23, 1848. Alfred and Sarah had eleven children, one of which was Arthur A., born Agust 11, 1857 and died March 8, 1898.

Arthur was my maternal grandfather. I will be happy to answer all letters and refund postage. — Leo David Grenot, P.O. Box 248, Quartzsite, Ariz. 85346

Cannon — Newsom — Parker

I am seeking the names of parents and descendants of James William Cannon. It is believed he was born in Ohio, probably around 1800. He first married Mary Wood, then Mary Cooksey, and had a total of thirteen children. He was my great-great-grandfather.

I am also seeking information on great-great-grandfather David Newsom, believed to have been born in Virginia in 1814. He had four children. They immigrated to Mansfield, Texas, then to Whitesboro, Texas.

My great-great-grandfather, Jesse Parker, was born circa 1775 in North Carolina. He first married Sarah Wiley, then Elizabeth Barker. His son, Matthew A. Parker, served under Sam Houston in the Army.

Any information will be appreciated and I will answer all letters. — Mrs. Elaine Parker Van Moos, 324 N. Willow Ave., West Covina, Calif. 91790

Wilder

I need information about Ezekiel Daniel Wilder, his wife Rosie Evans Wilder, and their children: M. H., V.J., Angelina, Gabrilia, Ranson, Rosan, C.D., M.T., Virginia, Mariller, Elenoir, Louisa, and Elen Ardalle. The parents were born in the late 1700s and early 1800s. Children were born from 1821 to 1860. The parents moved from Georgia or Alabama to Texas in an ox-drawn wagon. It is believed that Rosie Evans Wilder died in east Texas and was buried along the roadside. Any information about the descendants or burial places of these people would be appreciated. — Mrs. Hattie Wilder Rickel, 802 Highland Drive, Arlington, Texas 76010

Loper

My great-great-grandfather, Joseph E. Loper, his wife Susan, and one of their sons, John Tidwell (my great-grandfather) moved from Washington County, Alabama, to Indian Territory in 1881. Some people believe they may have gone to the Waggoner Ranch in the Territory, it is said, to corner lots of Carter and Love Counties. I would like to hear from anyone who knew these people or knows about the ranch. I will answer all letters. — Cindy Loper Claxton, Rt. 2, Box 50, Wilson, Oklahoma 73463

Lennon

I would appreciate information on Terrance Lennon who was a long time sheriff or marshal of Butte City, Montana. His younger brother, James, was killed in Butte City in August, 1895. They were my father's uncles. I will answer all letters. — Tom Lennon, RR-1, Endeavor, Wisconsin 53930

Smith — Anderson

Can anyone help me find out what happened to both my grandfathers? Will "Dunk" Smith was a cowboy-ranch hand and was born in the 1870s or 1880s in the Llano, Texas, area. He married Beatrice Verons L'Roy. Their children were Roberta, born in 1908 and Malcolm, born in 1910. Will Smith then headed West.

Roscoe K. Anderson was born in the 1880s in Kansas. Reportedly a saddle tramp, he went to the Northwest and married Gertrude Gross in 1907 in Portland, Oregon. He may have been a logger or painter. His son, Raymond William Anderson, was born in 1913. Any information on my grandfathers will be appreciated. — Howard C. Anderson, 5607 Brookland Road, Alexandria, Virginia 22310

Wheeler — Saunders — Hust

I am searching for information on John Wheeler, whose wife was Sarah Saunders. They had twelve children, one of whom was my great-grandfather, Gilbert Motier Wheeler, born June 13, 1836, in Missouri. He died in 1910, in Upper Lake, California. His wife was Louisa Schrimsher, born in 1838, in

(Continued on page 63)

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Actual engine outlaws commandeered in Yuma.

HELL TRAIN

Outlaws Capture Engine In

BY BEN TOWNSEND

Photos courtesy
Johnny B. Rube

A CUTTING WIND swept in out of the north and across the Colorado River and down Main Street of Yuma, Arizona Territory, scuttling paper and boxes before it. Undersheriff Matt De Vane hunched his shoulders inside his coat and turned into the Ruby Saloon for a drink and some conversation before continuing on his rounds.

Eight days before, on January 1, 1901, De Vane had been appointed undersheriff and in that time hadn't come across one bit of excitement. Being a lawman, he decided, was about as tame as being the Yuma weather recorder and bookkeeper for H.H. Robinson's Drug Store, two other jobs he held to make ends meet. There were rewards though. He could drop in at the saloons, have a few drinks and talk politics with cronies, something he, as chairman of the Democratic Central Committee, was fond of doing.

The bartender had just poured De Vane a glass of whiskey when Paul Moretti, operator of a place up the street called Gilroy and Moretti, popped through the door, halting inside just long enough for his eyes to get accustomed to the stale tobacco smoke. He glanced around, saw De Vane, and hurried to him.

"Matt, someone filched a case of good whiskey from us," Moretti said.

De Vane looked up from his whiskey. "Any idea who?"

Moretti nodded. "Three bums. They made off with it while I was in back of the place waiting on some customers."

"Can you identify them?"

"Sure. They was out front of the place all afternoon. They got off the Southern Pacific freight. You know Matt, that railroad hauls more bums into Yuma than freight."

"Does at that. Well, let's go see what we can find."

De Vane gave a little hitch to his gun belt to fit it more comfortably, lifted the whiskey and downed it.

Yuma as it looked about the time of Hart's escape.

OUT OF YUMA

Daring Jail Break

"That should make the night more suitable," he said good-naturedly. Then he and Moretti walked out onto the street. They turned south down Main, the bitter wind knifing at their backs.

UNKNOWN to them, a search was already underway for the thieves. About nightfall Frank Doyle was preparing to close his tailor shop when the door opened and three shabbily dressed men came up to the counter.

They chatted idly with Doyle about the unusually cold spell, then produced ten quart bottles of whiskey, offering them for 25 cents a bottle.

It sounded fishy to the tailor. He studied the men carefully. Bums, he figured. Just off a freight. Stole the whiskey some place. Well, he'd play along.

"I'll buy all ten quarts for that," he said. He pulled out a leather pocketbook and snapped it open. He counted out the money. "Here you be," he said. "Stiff drink of that whiskey seems in order on a night like this. Ain't fit for man or beast out there."

The bums pocketed the money and left.

The tailor stood at the window and watched them walk towards the Southern Pacific roundhouse along Madison Avenue between Fifth and Sixth streets. Then he locked up and hurried up the street to find a lawman.

He soon found Deputy Harry McPhaul and related what had happened. Together they went to the roundhouse. Unable to find sign of them, they started searching along the railroad tracks.

DE VANE and Moretti arrived at the corner of Main across from the E.F. Sanguinetti mercantile store. Moretti suddenly raised a hand, and slowed.

"Over there," he said. "By the blacksmith shop."

De Vane saw three figures huddled against the structure, out of the wind. "That them?"

"Postive, Matt."

De Vane cut across the street, Moretti a step behind him.

"Boys, what you doing here?" the undersheriff called out as he

approached them.

"Just passing through," one answered. "No law against that."

"Maybe there is, maybe there ain't. Sort of depends. When you fellows get in?"

A big burly tramp stepped out from the building. "Today," he answered.

"Where'd you get that whiskey you're drinking?"

"Bought it up the street."

"Boys, I think you better come along with me. Besides, too cold to be out on a night like this. Almost 36 degrees. Liable to freeze."

As De Vane started towards them, Moretti told him, "Better search them first."

"Had at that," said De Vane. Just then the burly tramp spat, "Ain't no lawman searching me." His hand darted inside his coat and the next second a pistol flashed.

De Vane staggered back, clawing at his belly. Then he dropped like a pole-axed calf. Twice more the burly tramp fired, the bullets creating eddies of sand near the lawman.

Then the street hushed. The three tramps turned to flee. De Vane managed to draw his pistol. He thumbed back the hammer, got off one shot that dug in behind the fleeing men's heels. Then the gun slipped from De Vane's hand. The lawman grabbed his stomach

Photo below shows posse members who tracked Hart down, from left, Albert Behan, Jim Kenney, Bill Neahr, Julio Martinez, Louis Loyvas and Toni Arriola. At right: Sheriff Gus Livingston.

The Yuma County courthouse and jail from which Hart escaped. At left: Deputy Harry H. McPhaul.

and rolled face down in the street, groaning.

"My God!" Moretti yelled. He watched helplessly as De Vane writhed in agony.

"I can't stand it, Paul," he gasped. "Please . . . for God's sake, put me out of my misery. Paul . . . take my gun there. . ."

Blood gushed from him, forming pools in the street.

Saloons emptied at sound of the gunshots. A large crowd quickly gathered around the lawman. He was helped over to Dr. P.G. Cotter's Drug Store; there Dr. Cotter and Dr. Henry ApJohn worked to save De Vane. De Vane kept up his pleading, "Put me out of my misery."

An hour passed. Dr. Cotter glanced up at Dr. ApJohn. Their eyes locked in silence.

"He's gone," Dr. Cotter said.

Dr. ApJohn nodded and reached for a white sheet.

Dr. Cotter went over to a thin basin,

washed his hands and without a word walked out the door and into the street filled with more than a hundred armed citizens. He hesitated, gazed at their faces and shook his head. Then he turned and walked slowly towards Ruby's.

The street exploded with angry shouts: "Lynch 'em! String 'em up!"

THE ARMED CROWD set out to round up the three tramps. Led by Sheriff Gus Livingston and Deputy McPhaul, they combed the Southern Pacific yards, pulling bums out of box cars, sheds, wherever they found them.

Like a ragged army the tramps were marched single-file to the Yuma County jail. Waving a double-barreled shotgun, Deputy McPhaul rode up and down the line yelling, "If you want to commit suicide, just look back."

By dawn more than 100 tramps were packed like sardines in the jail's cells.

Moretti and Doyle, the two citizens able to identify the three, were summoned. They went from cell to cell, peering in at the frightened faces. Suddenly they stopped. Without hesitating they pointed out the three. They were identified as John Cody, James Wray and Thomas Hart.

Cody and Wray signed confessions naming Hart as the slayer of De Vane.

Officials at Folsom Prison in California, where Hart had served ten years, called him "a hardened criminal."

Hart couldn't have picked a more respected townsman for his victim. The slain lawman's brother, D.L. De Vane, was county treasurer. The lawman had been one of those hard working, affable souls who mixed well in all segments of small town life. Always a good word for everyone. The first to help in time of need. A ramrod in the Elks.

The Elks took charge of the body, arranging for the funeral. All Yuma turned out for it. The coffin seemed smothered with flowers. A procession several blocks long accompanied the coffin to the protestant graveyard.

After the burial a group of armed men met behind locked doors at the Elks Club. They voted to raid the jail, remove the prisoners, and hang them before sunset.

But as they arrived at the jail they were met on the steps by Sheriff Livingston. "Go back!" he shouted to the mob. "They ain't here!"

The hanging party shoved him aside. They entered the jail, bristling with weapons and carrying coils of hemp rope. But they couldn't find Hart, Wray and Cody. The sheriff had moved them to the Territorial Prison on a hill overlooking Yuma.

The so-called Oregon boot.

ON APRIL 1, 1901, a jury found Hart guilty of murder. H.C. Davis, Hart's lawyer, filed a motion to set aside the verdict. It was denied, and four days later Judge Webster Street sentenced Hart to be hanged at "some convenient private place" in Yuma County, between 10 a.m. and 2 p.m. on May 17, 1901.

But on April 16 the State Supreme Court unexpectedly ordered a stay of execution. Hart smiled when told. Since being jailed he had bragged that he wouldn't be around for the hanging. Now he'd have more time to carry out his plan. For Hart had devised a way of escaping.

Besides, he was enjoying all the publicity. Now newspapers were reporting he was the brother of William S. Hart, famed heartthrob of silent movies. However, there was no known connection with the movie star. It was just a story which swept Yuma.

Some local women were pestering the sheriff to let them visit Hart. Maybe get his autograph. The more daring were sending him dainty food parcels.

Sheriff Livingston was growing disgusted with it all. He wanted Hart off his hands. And this talk about Hart planning to break out was unnerving him. With the hanging postponed he was afraid Hart would have time to make good his boasting.

When the sheriff tried to get Hart returned to the Territorial Prison, the superintendent refused him. "Hart's too bad an influence on the other convicts," he told the sheriff. Seems all the inmates wanted Hart to escape, and were too willing to help him!

Hart was locked in a more secure cell at the northwest corner of Madison Avenue and Third Street.

APRIL 24 was hot and in his office in the courthouse the county recorder had grown thirsty. He left the courthouse and walked to a fire hydrant to get a drink from it. The hydrant chanced to be close to Hart's cell.

As he bent over the hydrant the

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county recorder was startled to hear a scraping sound coming from the jail wall. He walked over. Just as he leaned his ear against the wall a sharp piece of iron poked through within an inch of his face. He rushed to the sheriff's office.

Sheriff Livingston and the county recorder stood outside the jail. They watched as the prisoner enlarged the hole. On the ground beside them was a 50-pound metal Oregon boot the sheriff had brought along.

Before long Hart's head poked through the opening, then his shoulders. At that moment Sheriff Livingston grabbed him by the hair, pulled him through, snapping a pair of handcuffs on and shackling the 50-pound Oregon boot around his ankle.

Back in his office the sheriff wrote out an order for an all-steel cell to be constructed especially for Hart. To make the prisoner's new cell escape-proof, he had a blacksmith solder up the keyhole. Then the door was locked with a padlock Hart could not reach from the inside.

Hart kept up his bragging. Finally the night guard, Walter Riley, got fed up.

"Hart, if you ever try to bust out on my shift, you know what I'm going to do?"

"You don't need fret none," Hart replied.

"Well, just you try it and I'm gonna bore a hole through your head with this .45." Riley patted his holstered pistol to emphasize he meant business.

Hart laughed. "Walt, I'm not going to bust out on your shift. But if I get a chance to break while that day man is on, I'm shore going to do it."

A short time later the sheriff made a mistake that enabled Hart to keep his word.

SOMETIME later Louis Leivas, 22, native of Mexico, was arrested and put in the cell with Hart. Leivas had worked briefly on the railroad, and at mining camps around Yuma. He'd heard endless stories about the notorious Hart. Now, finding himself rooming and boarding with Hart, he was overwhelmed. They struck up a friendship from the start. Leivas confided to Hart that he'd help him break out if he would take him along. Hart agreed. That night they started planning.

On November 5, a balmy Sunday, they got their chance when jailer William Neahr brought a watermelon one of Hart's fans had sent. Neahr was unarmed. When he unlocked the cell to set the melon inside, the prisoners grabbed him. Hart thrust a wooden knife he'd made to the jailer's throat while Leivas hobbled in his shackles to the deserted sheriff's office. Spying Neahr's pistol on a desk, he returned with it.

Locking Neahr in the cell, they hobbled to the sheriff's office. As they ransacked the office they could hear the jailer cursing. Hart snatched up a new 303 Savage rifle. Cramming ammunition into their pockets, they left the deserted building.

Unseen, they hobbled to the Southern Pacific roundhouse, some 1,000 feet off, where a switch engine was being fired up. Crawling alongside the engine, Hart suddenly stood up, pointing the rifle at the engineer in the cab. "Climb down!" he yelled.

The startled engineer glanced down into the business end of Hart's Savage.

"Get down!" Hart commanded again. The engineer scrambled down. Hands in the air, knees trembling, he faced Hart.

Just then the fireman walked up from back of the engine. "What's all the yellin' about —" Hart jabbed the surprised fireman with the rifle.

"Don't neither of you move," Hart ordered. "Do and I'll blow your heads off."

The shackled Leivas struggled up into the cab and started firing it.

Keeping his rifle on the two railroaders, Hart laboriously hobbled up the tracks to a switch. As he opened it so the engine would run on the main track, he momentarily took his eyes off the railroaders. In that split second the fireman dashed to a nearby tool shed, reaching it just as a section foreman came out.

"They're stealing the engine!" he shouted.

"Who?"

"Hart from the jail. Him and another jailbird."

The foreman shot back into the shed. Just as Hart and Leivas got the engine

Posse members with Hart where he was killed.

moving, he re-emerged in the doorway holding a shotgun.

He raised the weapon to his shoulder and fired. Buckshot splattered the engine's cab. Leivas cringed as some of the shot struck him. Hart poked his rifle out the window, squinted along the barrel.

Leivas suddenly grabbed the rifle before Hart could fire; and then the engine was past the shed, racing down Madison Avenue. Leivas opened the throttle and the engine roared into the open desert towards Blaisdale Station ten miles off.

Levias' wounds were slight. He looked at Hart and grinned.

Thirty minutes passed before the jailbreak was known. Then a trusty finally heard Neahr cursing and went to see what was wrong. Neahr sent him to fetch a blacksmith to free him.

A SIX-MAN posse headed by Undersheriff Albert Behan was quickly gathered. It included Neahr, C.L. Brown, Julio Martinez, Tom Arriola and Jim Kenney. Southern Pacific officials, burning at theft of their locomotive, fired one up for the posse, coupling a box car to it to haul the posse's horses.

The train whistled through town and raced in pursuit of the fugitives. Outside Blaisdale Station they came upon the engine where it had run out of steam. But there was no sign of Hart and Leivas.

The Yumans unloaded their mounts and began backtracking along both sides of the tracks. Five miles out of Yuma they found where the pair had jumped off the engine while it was still traveling.

Undersheriff Behan studied the tracks and called the men around him. He told them Leivas had come up from Mexico, had worked here and there as a gold miner. He noted that 20 miles south as the crow flies was Fortuna, a gold mining town nested in the Gila Mountains. The fugitives would have no difficulty hiding out there; many would be willing to furnish them horses. And from Fortuna it was but a few miles to the Mexico border.

"They get across the border we can forget them," warned the undersheriff.

"Well, they got a good start on us," said Neahr, "but they're shackled, and Hart's got a 50-pound Oregon boot to tote. He won't drag that too far."

"If he still has it," said Undersheriff Behan. "That engine had a tool chest. They probably cut their shackles by now."

The posse rode south, racing against the early November darkness.

UNDERSHERIFF Behan had correctly figured the fugitives' destination. What he didn't realize was that the outlaws were already in sight of Fortuna. Two miles from the railroad they used a cold chisel and hammer from the engine's tool box to cut loose their shackles. In the cool temperatures they had been making good time across the desert. Fortuna was less than an hour away.

Twilight was falling when the undersheriff waved an arm in signal, then pointed to the ground. "Here's Hart's shackles!" he yelled. Nearby they found Leivas' shackles.

Undersheriff Behan held Leivas' shackles in his hand, staring at them, then at the sky. He looked south. Already the stunted desert growth was turning into undistinguishable shapes in fading light.

As they rode, shadows deepened.

"He aimed point-blank at Kenney and pulled the trigger. The gun didn't fire."

Suddenly Undersheriff Behan reined his mount. "Ain't that them over there?" he called out. "Or is it just a clump of greasewood?"

After a moment Kenney answered, "It's them. Greasewood don't move, and that's not standing still."

"Thought so," the undersheriff replied. "That means they've not seen us — yet. But if we ride after them, they'll have lots of warning. Enough to get in those mountains and take cover. We'd never smoke them out of those canyons."

They decided to make a wide circle to the west, then ride several miles south of the fugitives, keeping out of their sight. Then they would turn north. A posse coming up from the south was the last thing Hart and Leivas would expect.

But when they re-grouped to ride north, night had fallen. They formed a wide V. Jim Kenney rode at the head, the others angling out some 50 feet apart.

They rode slow, their horses' hooves muted in the soft sand. Each rider's ears strained for any strange sound: A boot scraping a rock; the crack of a dried mesquite twig. Each man watched, even though he knew he could see nothing until he was upon it. The sudden shadowy looming of a saguaro was enough to send a rider's hand snatching for his weapon.

THEY HAD been riding steadily for nearly an hour. As Kenney's bay approached a greasewood clump, hardly visible in the darkness, a figure suddenly sprang from behind it, snatching the animal's bit. In the figure's other hand a rifle could be made out. He swung it up, aimed point-blank at Kenney, and pulled the trigger. The gun didn't fire.

The bay whinnied in fright, reared and broke into a run. The figure held on to the bit and struggled desperately to position his rifle for another shot. Kenney struggled to control his horse. Before he barely had time to realize what was happening, he heard a volley of shots ring out. Without a sound, the figure let loose of the bay's bit and sank to the ground, his rifle falling beside him.

Kenney dismounted just as the undersheriff rode up. He bent over the lifeless figure of Hart. He picked up the rifle — the new Savage 303. He walked over to Undersheriff Behan with it.

"Sure glad Hart was so greedy he had to steal the sheriff's brand new rifle," he said. "That saved my life." He handed the weapon to the lawman. "See, the safety's still on. Hart didn't know about those gadgets on the new rifles. If he had of, I wouldn't be alive."

At that moment the other riders brought in Leivas. He'd been found nearby, hiding in a growth of greasewood.

The men hurriedly dug a grave and buried Hart where he fell — almost within sight of Fortuna and freedom. Several large rocks were placed on the grave, then the posse returned to Yuma with Leivas.

For his part in the escape, Leivas was sentenced to three years and six months in the Territorial Prison in Yuma. Wray and Cody were meted short sentences because they testified against Hart.

Hart's grave in the desolate desert has never had a visitor. Posse members made certain it never would. They kept the exact location a secret among themselves.

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A little-known fact of history

JESSE JAMES ATTEMPTED SUICIDE

— And He Very Nearly Succeeded

BY CARL W. BREIHAN

MANY YEARS ago I knew Dr. D.G. Simmons of Adairville, Kentucky, but I was never successful in getting him to tell about his personal experience concerning the attempted suicide of the famous bandit Jesse James.

However, Dr. Simmons wrote of his visit to the bandit but refused to allow it to be published until some time after the doctor died. Here is the story that Dr. Simmons wrote as told to me by his family.

Jesse James

AT THE TIME of which I write, Jesse was suffering from gunshot wounds in the right breast. He was thin and in feeble health and was spending some time with his uncle, George Hite, who lived two or three miles from Adairville.

In a fit of despondency, produced by his poor health and, as I learned afterward, by the proposed marriage of his sister, Susan, to Allen Parmer, Jesse determined to commit suicide. (Susan married Parmer anyway. No one has been able to determine why Jesse hated Parmer so violently).

Jesse lost no time in putting his plans into execution. He rode to town and bought sixteen grains of morphine. He took it all in one dose upon returning to his uncle's. It was late in the afternoon of an early January day in 1870.

When Jesse felt the drug beginning to take effect, and he considered it too late for any remedial efforts, he called his brother, Frank, and sister, Susan, and told them what he'd done. He also gave such directions as to messages and trusts as he wished.

Frank immediately sent a message for a physician. It was about 7 p.m. when I arrived and found Jesse apparently near death. He was in a stupor, insensible to his surroundings, except provoked by the strongest excitement. Jesse's pulse was slow, full and very forcible. His breathing was slow and of such nature characteristic of opium poisoning.

However, Jesse had built up some tolerance to the drug because he had been using it for several weeks previously to ease the suffering caused by the gunshot wounds.

I found willing assistants in Frank and Susan, whose attentions and ministrations were unremitting throughout the night. In addition to the usual evacuant and antidotal remedies, it was necessary to combat the narcotic influence of the poison by every means of mental and physical excitement. Appeals and stimulants were used for some hours until finally he failed to respond.

I appealed to Frank to discover if there was anything that would excite Jesse. I said if he could not be kept aroused for some time longer, until the drug had been mostly eliminated from his system, Jesse would die.

FORCE OF HABIT then manifested itself. I will never forget the powerful

Susan James

Allen Parmer

excitement Jesse evidenced and the response he continued to make when Frank whispered to him certain warning words as if certain persons who were obnoxious to him were coming and it was necessary to escape or defend to the death.

When Jesse would sink into the fatal lethargy, Frank's warnings would bring him to his feet. Jesse would call for his pistols and flourish them while being carried around the room by two assistants. Every few seconds he would lapse into a slumber, even while walking. But he would again be aroused by the same treatment. Jesse's eyelids seemed to have millstones suspended to them. It was impossible for him to keep his eyes open for more than a few seconds.

About 4 a.m., all efforts to keep Jesse awake proved futile. His pulse was down to a mere thread, his breathing was feeble. It seemed the death angel was hovering over him.

I suggested to Frank that he should leave Jesse alone and let him rest; that in all probability Jesse would die. But I thought rest might be an advantage to him.

While his sister and friends were hovering over Jesse, mourning as for one of the dead, Frank sat in mute and stern despair at the foot of the bed. His eyes were fixed upon the floor.

If I were an artist I could paint his picture as he sat thus, so indelibly was his appearance impressed on my memory. His arms were folded on his breast; his ordinarily penetrating eyes were vacant. His massive jaw and beautifully outlined lips were sternly and firmly compressed. His oval face and features were well exposed from being clean shaven. I thought I had never seen a handsomer man, nor one exhibiting more firmness of character.

I sat with my fingers on Jesse's pulse for perhaps a half hour. The pulse began to quicken and moved with greater regularity. He also evidenced more natural breathing. When this improvement continued until there was no longer any doubt of recovery, I told the relatives and friends.

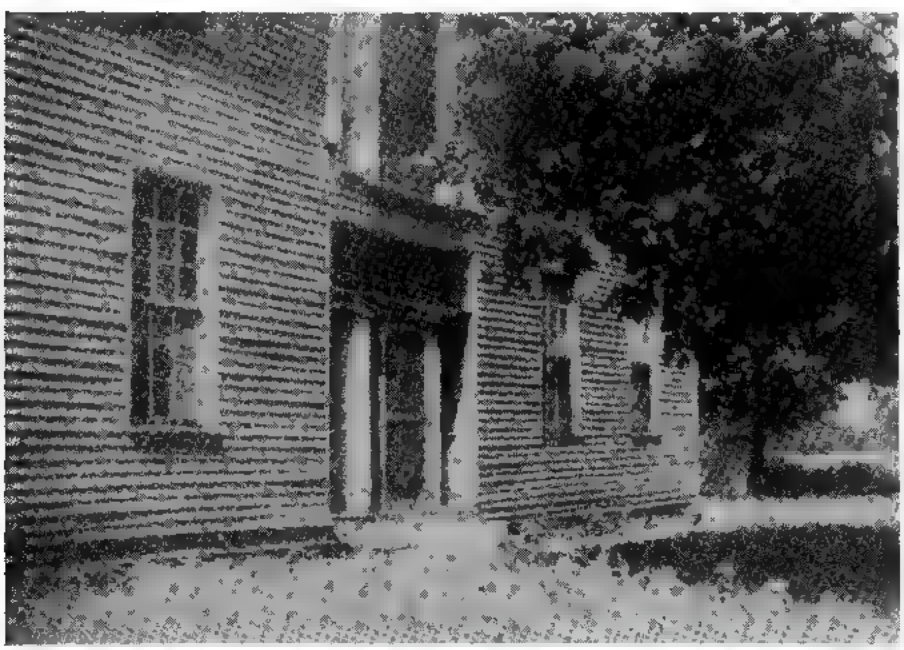
WITHIN an hour Jesse was sleeping a natural and refreshing sleep, which he needed. He was exhausted from his long, forced efforts to keep awake during the night.

By 6 a.m., Jesse was awake and recognized his friends. By breakfast time, he announced he was ready for a hearty meal.

With consciousness returned, Jesse James expressed considerable joy that he had failed to take his own life. He profusely thanked Mrs. Hite and all in their efforts to save him.

There was little resemblance between the brothers. Jesse was shorter, more slender, with dark hair and eyebrows and rather hazel eyes. Frank had light hair, blue eyes, a symmetrical and beautiful form and he was in vigorous health. Both men were handsome and of easy, polished an agreeable bearing. They were as different in appearance from portrayals of some biographers as their manners differed from the usual idea of a Western tough.

All photos from the Carl W. Breihan collection.



Home of Major George Hite, Adairville, Kentucky, where Jesse James tried to commit suicide.

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Courtesy Robert Valdner

Troopers of the U.S. Ninth Cavalry shortly after crossing the Mexican border.

I Fought Pancho Villa

The Battle of Guerrero

By ROBERT VALDNER

NOISE of the gun battle was so great T.D. Smith could hear only the loud bang of his own rifle. He could tell where his bullets were striking by the chunks of adobe that splattered from the wall about 50 yards away.

The Americans were aware that other Mexican bandits could join in from the main battle being waged not far off. But soon more troopers appeared about 300 yards up the street from the corral where the fire fight was taking place.

The troopers began firing at the Villistas — followers of Pancho Villa — and after about 20 minutes, the Mexicans lost five men. Smith put the finishing touch to one bandit who fell over the wall struck by a trooper's bullet.

The bandit had regained his rifle and continued to fire his weapon even though he was wounded. Smith put a shot into the bandit's chest. The Mexican appeared to rise up and then was thrown back against the wall.

Rifles popped, gunsmoke filled the air. The sound and fury of battle excited Smith's senses. He'd seen a lot of unusual things in recent years. The blood and dust of the Mexican village was a far cry from the cold, grimy streets of Brandytown, Pennsylvania.

T.D. Smith was, you see, not a soldier. And T.D. Smith was not his name. He thought he had every good reason to leave Brandytown and change his name.

PROHIBITED

Courtesy Robert Valdner

T.D. Smith (Demetrius Valdner), right, and his friend in the Mexican War, Ed, showing off revolvers. Horse is "Pecas," taken by Smith two weeks into the campaign.

SMITH was born Demetrius Valdner in the coal mining district of Brandytown on Dec. 11, 1886, to German parents. Of his early years, he said it was "depressing and gloomy" and "soot covered everything."

Demetrius had two younger brothers and a younger sister. His father, Demetrius Silvio, was born in Austria and early in his life, moved to Germany.

The elder Valdner enlisted in the German cavalry at age 18. Valdner does not know when or how long his father served, but he has a portrait of the older man in a German cavalry uniform of a noncommissioned officer.

Demetrius Silvio's wife, Adele Parisi, was a transplanted Italian whose family moved to the Alps in Germany. After they were married, they came to the United States in about 1879-80.

Demetrius became bored in the grim atmosphere of Brandytown. Vowing never to become a miner, his first job was with a freight company bringing supplies to the mines and company store. He dropped his name, Demetrius, and used his conformation name of Thomas from then on.

(When a Roman Catholic becomes 10 years old, he receives a "conformation." He then picks a name of one of the Catholic saints. My grandfather picked St. Thomas as his patron saint).

In Brandytown, the only distractions for Thomas were his love of horses and hunting. The latter was done with a 12-gauge Parker double Damascus barrels, and other weapons. The family stew pot was always filled with wild game.

In December 1901, he got into a fight at a local miners hall Saturday night dance. The brawl was over his fiancee, who became his wife. Another man was showing too much affection to the woman. Valdner was attacked by the opponent who was wielding a knife. Valdner retaliated with the only weapon at hand, a shovel. He knocked his opponent over the head.

He thought he had killed the man, so he hurriedly packed and left by train. He found later he hadn't done the opponent in and no charges were made. But by then he had changed his name and undertaken a new life.

VALDNER arrived by wagon in Prescott, Arizona, in February 1902. He eventually found work at a local ranch along the Mexican border. There, he found out firsthand about the ease with which Mexican and other bandits stole cattle and horses from small, isolated ranches.

In 1903-04, he was one of three men working for a rancher near the border when about 20 head of horses were stolen in a nighttime raid.

That left the ranch with only three horses and four mules. One man was sent to the nearest town on the best mule, while the owner and Valdner, who was now using the name of Thomas D., or T.D., Smith, set out in pursuit of the bandits.

They took with them a Mexican-Apache named Casoose. After some distance trailing the raiders, the three were ambushed by the bandits' rear guard. Casoose's horse was shot.

The three quickly dismounted and returned the fire of the ambushers. About a half hour later, the raiders broke off and retreated. No one was hit but Casoose's horse and the animal was not seriously wounded.

T.D. Smith continued working on various ranches in Arizona and New Mexico. He always was armed with an 1892 model double action Colt and an 1895 Marlin 45-70.

The Colt was the 1892 Army model. A 38-caliber, it was carried in a brown flap holster on a cartridge belt.

Smith kept in touch with his family and loved ones in Pennsylvania but even after he found there were no charges against him, he elected to stay in the Southwest he had grown to love.

IN 1910, the Mexican Revolution began and with it came a brisk and lucrative smuggling operation of arms and ammunition. This went on rather freely because of the impossibility of patroling the long, sparsely populated border.

The Mexicans in the north under Pancho Villa, while aiding Madero in the revolution, were still essentially bandits. Any gun would do in the smuggling business, but the favorites were Winchester rifles.

Smith, as Valdner continued to be called, admits to some small border crossings he and a friend made with pack mules and some surplus Springfield carbines, along with assorted handguns and ammunition.

The revolution succeeded and Madero was made president on May 25, 1911. But his idealistic land reform government didn't work because of internal conflicts and because of Madero's naive belief that the powerful interests and landowners would turn the land over to the people.

Madero was overthrown by one of his generals, Victoriano Huerta, a vicious alcoholic Indian who was a bartender before he became a general. Madero and his vice president were executed on Feb. 22, 1913.

The revolution simmered and picked

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Courtesy Aultman Collection, El Paso Public Library

General Francisco "Pancho" Villa and his wife, Luz Corral de Villa.

up steam when Venustiano Carranza, governor of Coahuila, started forming a large army which he called the Constitutionalist forces. Carranza was joined by the old revolutionaries Emiliano Zapata, Alvaro Obregon and Villa. Villa was persuaded to come back from exile in El Paso, Texas.

By mid-1914, the revolutionaries held three fourths of Mexico. President Woodrow Wilson backed the rebels and sent thousands of rifles across the border. Germany supplied Mausers, ammunition and instructors fresh from war in Europe. Huerta was beaten and exiled to Spain in August 1914.

At this point, fighting occurred between Obregon and Villa with Carranza siding with Obregon. Villa attacked Obregon's positions at Celayo. The positions had been fortified with zig-zag trenches, barbed wire and machine guns. Villa foolishly led a cavalry charge into this fortification and his unit was nearly wiped out. But he kept on fighting, usually skirmishes through 'the rest of 1914 and into 1915.

Villa raided both sides of the border. American mining companies and ranches were his prime targets.

When Villa attacked Aqua Prieta, just south of the United States border, the U.S. government allowed Mexican federal troops to cross the border and be transported to Douglas, Arizona, thus to reinforce Aqua Prieta. Villa was defeated again after he led a cavalry charge against barbed wire and machine guns.

On March 8, 1916, Villa led a column of "Dorados" — Villa's best troops — across the U.S. border near the Mexican town of Palomos, three miles from Columbus, New Mexico. He attacked about 4 a.m. on March 9. Fortunately, troops of the 13th Cavalry Regiment along with a machine gun troop were there to meet him.

The troopers killed about 70 Villistas before the Mexicans fled. The cavalry pursued the Mexican raiders and a mounted pistol charge destroyed the Mexican rear guard. But the Americans ran low on ammunition and after chasing the Villistas 15 miles into Mexico, the troopers returned.

Courtesy Aultman Collection, El Paso Public Library

U.S. Army motor truck tain in Mexico in 1916.

DURING THE EARLY years of the revolution, Smith continued to work on ranches and did some gun-running. At one point he tended sheep at the San Carlos Indian Reservation. The gun-running was small-scale and he dealt

with Villa's lieutenants who paid in gold or American greenbacks.

There was always the chance in the gun-running that the Mexicans would simply kill the Americans and take their guns from them. To avoid this possibility, Smith always promised more and better weapons next time.

Smith recalls that he was "at loose ends" when he heard of the Douglas raid. The Army was looking for scouts and civilian "foragers" for cavalry horses, so Smith joined.

At Fort Bliss, he was assigned to a unit that was to be part of a two-pronged attack starting at the Culberson Ranch. The other column left from Douglas. The two units were to meet 75 miles into Chihuahua. The Army marching columns included big Dodge trucks, touring cars and in use at the time were spotting planes and field radios.

The scouts and foragers included Apaches, Mexicans and American civilians.

It was difficult, sometimes impossible, to find grain for the big cavalry horses which were used to being grain-fed. The foragers were able to get some grain from unwilling American ranchers who knew that once the troops left the area, the bandits, or worse, the federales under the Carranista army, would return.

Dust storms were so intense the men used boric acid solution for their burned eyes.

However, T.D. was acclimated to the desert environment, so he wasn't bothered as much as some of the men who asked for goggles.

Adding to the difficulties facing the foraging men was an arrogant, impersonal second lieutenant who spoke condescendingly to the men and, except for orders, rarely spoke to the men at all, especially the civilians such as Smith.

Smith said he didn't pay much attention to the "smartass sonofabitch." The lieutenant, George Smith Patton Jr., later became important in World War II.

AT THIS TIME, Smith was attached to the 7th Cavalry led by Col. George F. Dodd. On March 29, Dodd attacked the city of Guerrero, which, only two weeks earlier, had been taken by Villa. Although the cavalry horses were in bad shape, the Americans scattered the Villistas.

Smith was with about 12 troopers and a few scouts when they entered the town and were fired on by some bandits holed up behind an adobe corral where the bandits were trying to saddle their horses.

The troops and scouts dismounted and sought cover. About all that was available were adobe houses on either side of the corral. But the bandits were more interested in mounting and fleeing than in firing with accuracy. At the end of the street, Smith took cover behind an outdoor oven of a type commonly found in Mexico.

Also behind the oven was a sergeant, a private and another scout, named Ed. Ed scored the first hit with his Winchester. He struck a man who was firing a revolver while trying to mount his horse.

Along with the 15 or 20 Villistas in the corral, there were many horses.

The sergeant ordered the scattered troopers to concentrate their fire on the men behind the wall. It was in this fire fight that Smith shot a bandit in the chest.

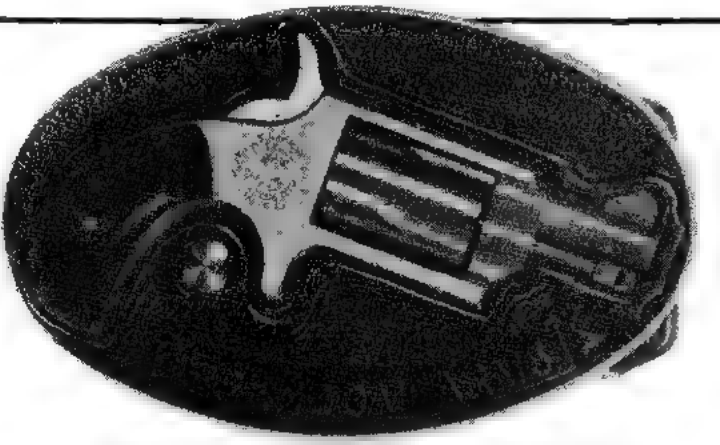
The bandits abandoned their horses and fled to the other side of the corral losing two more men. The troopers and scouts warily approached the corral crossing a small plaza. At the corral gate they found four bodies inside and the one shot by Smith outside. There also were four wounded Mexicans.

The troops quickly discovered that two of the downed bandits didn't yet count themselves out of the fight. A bandit, wounded in the right shoulder and hiding on the other side of the corral behind a dead horse, fired his rifle, slightly wounding a trooper in the lower leg.

Half of the troopers opened fire riddling the bandit with bullets. Another bandit was crouching behind some hay bales trying to level his Winchester. He had a hole in his chest and was having difficulty loading his rifle. Ed brought him down with a shot between the eyes.

Smith picked up a bandit's rifle, a Smith and Wesson Russian 44. It was nickle plated and had ivory grips. He later sold it for $25.

After the corral fighters returned to the main body, they found that the 7th Cavalry had routed the enemy and 56 Villistas were killed and about 30



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Pancho Villa

Courtesy Robert Valdner

This is Pancho Villa and his men. Photo is copy from one brought from El Paso in 1914 by T.D. Smith.

wounded.

SMITH continued with Dodd's troopers. Forage was difficult to find and the horses suffered. The horses were exhausted and ate what hay they could find. They also were fed prickly cactus. The cactus needles were burned off before the horses could eat it. In mid-April, the scouts reported Villistas at the town of Tomochic.

Again Dodd went into battle with emaciated horses. This time Smith and Ed were off to the right of the town. The defenders poured heavy but ineffective fire at the attackers. The bandits made a hasty retreat and the troopers, firing automatic pistols, entered the town. Dust was so thick Smith pulled a bandana over his nose.

In the dust, troopers could see figures darting in front of them and the Americans were being fired on. Ed shot a bandit who jumped from a doorway leveling a Winchester at him. This caused Ed's horse to rear and jostle Smith's horse. Smith's animal trampled the bandit. Ed took the Mexican's Winchester.

In another fight T.D. learned the 11th Cavalry under Maj. Robert L. Howze and Apache scouts attacked a ranch called Ojos Azulee. At this ranch, the troopers ran into barbed wire entanglements but managed to kill 61 Villistas without themselves sustaining a casualty.

More skirmishes followed and as many as 10,000 American troops entered the field.

Villa made a brief comeback but was finally beaten by Mexican federales near Torreon. The bandit leader made a deal with the Mexican government to disband his armies in return for a 25,000-acre ranch and 50 armed bodyguards paid by the government.

Meanwhile, Smith was discharged at Ft. Bliss in December. In January 1917, he went back to "ranching," to odd jobs, building trades, truck driving, stockyard work and occasional bounty hunting of coyotes.

IN 1919, he went back to Brandytown long enough to marry and for a time he operated a lumber business. It folded in about a year. He then moved back to Prescott, Arizona, with his wife. But she immediately hated the dry desert. He raised mules for the new tourist trade which involved tours of the border.

During Prohibition, he and a partner bootlegged across the Mexican border. They outfitted a Dodge with a false gas tank, hollow seats and trap panels in the

doors.

Smith and his partner had no trouble in this business and expanded by outfitting a model T Ford in a similar manner. Even at checkpoints they had no difficulties because they could buy their way through. Prohibition law was most unpopular. Smith sold to bootleggers from Arizona to Marfa, Texas.

But Smith's wife forced him to give it up and reluctantly he moved to Peekskill, N.Y., where he worked in a rock quarry. He dropped his alias returning to Thomas Valdner, his real name.

During this period, the family, including a son, Silvio Demetrius Valdner (born Dec. 12, 1922 in Brandytown), remained in New York City. Every day, Valdner had to drive two hours each way to and from work. Four hours of driving was too much so he took a room at a boarding house used by men who worked the quarry.

He was eventually divorced — in the early 1930s — and stayed upstate. The owner of the boardinghouse, Viola, a feisty, independent Italian woman who died in 1974, let him build a cabin behind the property. This was in exchange for being boardinghouse caretaker.

The locals called him "Buffalo Tom" or just "Buffalo" because he wore a Stetson cowboy hat and western clothes which he still prefers.

The quarry was closed in the 1940s, but he continued to live in his cabin. In the 1960s, he moved to Woodburne, N.Y., and built another cabin, aided by the family. This has electricity and is properly insulated. Every year he bags a deer with his old Springfield rifle. He says he wouldn't move for a million dollars.

WYATT EARP CLEARED OF FIX

REMEMBER those stories about Wyatt Earp refereeing a heavyweight boxing match in San Francisco in 1896, and the charges that he was "fixed" and threw the fight to the underdog?

Well, a modern day trial was held recently in San Francisco and Earp was cleared of the charges.

Bernard Averbuch, president of the San Francisco Boosters, a group of civic leaders, said the noted gunfighter and former frontier lawman was cleared of charges of fraud and deceit by the Court of Historical Review and Appeals in San Francisco.

The court, which regularly meets to give present-day consideration to historical events and disputes of the past, considered the matter of Wyatt Earp's highly debatable and controversial actions in the San Francisco match on Dec. 2, 1896, between Bob Fitzsimmons and sailor Tom Sharkey.

There was a purse of $10,000 deposited in the bank for the winning fighter. Earp reluctantly accepted the role of referee although he didn't want the job right up to the last minute. Most reports indicate Fitzsimmons was winning the fight. He was the heavy favorite and, after a flurry of punches, Sharkey was knocked down and was not able to get up. Sharkey was apparently the loser of the fight.

But referee Earp went to Sharkey's corner and held his hand over the sailor's head indicating Sharkey had won because of a foul blow by Fitzsimmons. The resulting furor brought about the charges of a "fixed fight" and the controversy over Earp's role has continued to this date.

"WYATT EARP made a proper and honest decision on the fight and his reputation should be cleared as it relates to this event," ruled Superior Judge Harry W. Low at the trial's end.

"Wyatt Earp had warned Fitzsimmons twice during the fight because of his low blows. He could even be considered to be brave to face the wrath of the boxing crowd who was at a fevered pitch and rule the way he did. It was his judgment as an official and it is this Court's decision that Wyatt Earp acted in the right manner."

Judge Low's ruling brought applause from the standing-room-only crowd, composed of history fans, many retired boxers of the area and even a descendant of the Wyatt Earp family still living in San Francisco, Averbuch said.

Geoffrey Fisher, editor of the Jewish Community Bulletin of San Francisco and a former sports writer from Cleveland who is a member of the selections committee of the World Boxing Hall of Fame, also testified. Fisher said his research indicated Fitzsimmons did strike a low blow, a left jab followed by a right hand, which caught Sharkey below the belt.

Dr. Mervyn F. Silverman, director of public health, testified that five doctors examined Sharkey after the fight and medically confirmed Earp's decision. Other witnesses who defended Earp were Supervisor Nancy Walker and Dr. Stephen Dobbs, a San Francisco State University professor.

Earp came to San Francisco in 1890 and married the daughter of a prominent and wealthy merchant. He died in Los Angeles in 1929 and is buried in Colma, a suburb of San Francisco, Averbuch said.

THIS WAS the 27th session of the Court of Historical Review and Appeals, Averbuch said. He said the sessions are conducted as actual trials with each witness relating one phase of the story.

Opposing counsels were City Attorney George F. Agnost, for the prosecution, and Fire Commissioner Robert Nicco, a former city public defender, for the defense.

Averbuch, a one-time reporter, is executive director of the Market Street Project.

Sadie Was No Lady

She opened a House on Virtue Lane!

By DOROTHY EMERSON YEAGER

SADIE Orchard was her name, but just as a house is not always a home, Sadie was not always a lady.

She ran bawdy houses in the little Southwestern New Mexico towns of Kingston and Hillsboro. She also caught the fancy of writer Mark Twain who used her as inspiration for "Sheba" in his book "Roughing It."

Sadie liked it so much she lies in a grave with a headstone marked "Sheba."

During her long career, Sadie attracted other famous men. She did so despite, or perhaps because of, her frank and rough talk, her ribald sense of humor, and her cockney accent.

She was gutsy, could let loose with a stream of unladylike oaths. She was small at five feet tall and 100 pounds, but she also left a mark as a generous, faithful, loyal and energetic member of her community.

SARAH Jane Creech (later Mrs. Orchard) began her career in London's Limehouse District. Her earlier life, before she came to the Black Range District of southwestern New Mexico, is still a well-kept secret.

She went first to Kingston, New Mexico, in the 1880s a booming mining town of about 5,000 on the eastern slope of the Black Range. It was a rip-roaring place generally free of law and order. The first silver ore had been found there in November 1880.

However, development of the mining industry was delayed because of the viciousness of Victorio and his Apaches. They took to the warpath and kept the miners busy dodging arrows and tomahawks.

While Victorio was on the warpath, there was a terrible toll in the white communities. On a single raid near Hillsboro, eighteen settlers were killed.

When finally the Apaches were subdued, mining flourished. The Bridal Chamber mine had one of the greatest desposits of silver ever found. At the time Sadie arrived, dance halls and saloons did a booming business day and night. Fortunes were made, and then lost, overnight.

Sadie, for some inexplicable reason, chose to open her new business on a street named Virtue Lane. Perhaps she

Hillsboro, New Mexico, about 1900.

appreciated the irony. She hired several pretty Cyprian Sisters (as the courtesans of that day were called) and opened a bordello.

TODAY, Kingston is a picturesque ghost town in the eastern foothills of the Black Range. It is the center for the Black Range artists and is a haven for bottle collectors.

In the 1880s, when Sadie arrived, the town had twenty-two saloons, a theater, schools, hotels, stores, three newspapers and later a church was built helped by contributions from Sadie, the local dance hall girls, the gamblers and the miners.

Behind the altar were the words "The Golden Gate."

By 1886, lack of ore closed many of the Kingston mines and a large number of miners left. Sadie's business fell off, so she did what any good businesswoman would do, she went where her product was in demand.

That was down the road in Hillsboro, a busy little mining town also on the eastern slope of the Black Range. Here the cattlemen were in control and administration was relaxed and informal.

Hillsboro has been described as "the town too pretty to die." It is the oldest and best preserved relic of southwestern New Mexico's gold rush of 1877. It was the first seat of Sierra County.

Hillsboro is not a ghost town because it always maintained a solid core of people who kept it a pleasant place to live. It has survived Indian scares, mine busts, panic, floods and depression.

SADIE yearned for respectability. After moving to Hillsboro, she acquired a white adobe house with a patio. She planted grass, trees and flowers. She felt the next step was marriage.

Dorothy Emerson Yeager Collection

Albert Fall

She was introduced to James W. Orchard, owner of the Mountain Pride Stagecoach Line, river commissioner and head of the Kingston-Hillsboro toll road. They were married in Sadie's parlor resplendent with flowers from her garden.

Orchard was shy and weak and sometimes given to drink. When he overindulged, Sadie is said to have sent him to work at gunpoint — and to have driven the stage herself.

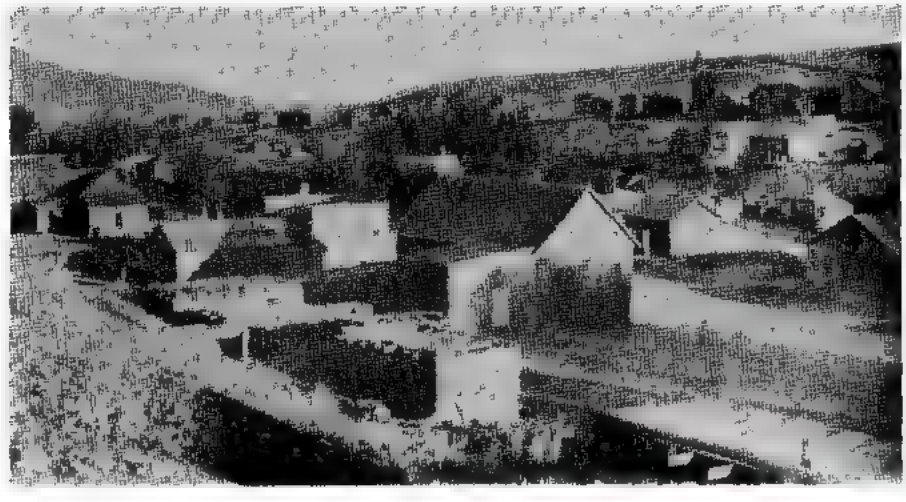
In later years, she boasted that no coach she drove was ever held up, even on the treacherous run through Percha Canyon to Kingston where numerous robberies occurred. Sadie bragged that they had sixty-five hand-picked horses and mules, an express wagon and two red and yellow Concord stages.

If Sadie wasn't a lady, at least she fancied herself one. She wore tailored riding habit, complete with a starched white cambric shirtwaist and ascot. She affected imported, handmade boots and topped herself with a tall silk hat. At least once a week she rode down Hillsboro's main street on a high-stepping black horse. She did this for many years.

After she married Orchard, she gave up the bordello — well, after a fashion. Orchard deeded her a parcel of land for

Kingston, New Mexico, about the time Sadie Orchard was there.

The main street of Hillsboro (above) where Sadie went "because her product was in demand." Below is another view of Hillsboro looking south from the hill on the north side of town. All three photos this page from the True West Collection.



a dollar on which she built the Ocean Grove Hotel. Later she added the Orchard Hotel next door.

As hotel operator, she kept clean rooms, had regular customers, and maintained a first-name relationship with them. When male visitors were lonesome, she hired waitresses who actually worked as call girls.

She also employed a Chinese cook, Tom Ying, and the hotel's restaurant became noted throughout the territory.

One of those who beat a path to Sadie's door was Albert Fall, later a prominent New Mexico politician. According to Sadie, Fall was a "quiet and refined drinker."

AS THE BIG mines began to play out, so did Hillsboro's prosperity. Orchard's stage line began to suffer. Orchard was unable to pay his mortgage. Sadie refused to help him and he was forced to sell out.

Sadie gave him a little money and he disappeared. She had no comment but the story was that she ran him off because of his drinking.

Sadie wanted the citizens of Hillsboro to accept her so she threw a grand party, a very expensive garden party — for the children and invited every Anglo child in town.

She assured the success of the party by telling the leading citizens on the streets that she was expecting their children to attend. When a judge said his children were out of town, she responded "then you'd better get them home, judge." When a doctor said his children had the measles, she replied "you'd better make them well, doctor."

After Orchard's departure, Sadie opened two brothels, one at each end of town.

In 1914, spring rains sent a torrent down the Percha River through Hillsboro doing terrific damage. The town had not fully recovered from an influenza epidemic. There was widespread suffering and many deaths.

Sadie nursed the sick and brightened the homes of the suffering with flowers from her garden. She gave money to the poor and clothing to needy children. Many felt her good deeds balanced the other things she did.

But eventually there was no business. The girls left town. Sadie's health failed along with the financial reverses. She sold her property. She was penniless, alone and nearing ninety when she died.

But few denied Sarah Jane Creech had carved quite a career for herself.

California Teachers Association Journal

OLIVE M ISBELL

Teacher, Nurse, Hero

By THELMA M. WIBLE
Illustrated by Kiel Stuart

PANIC rode into Fort Hall, on the Oregon trail, where several wagon trains were camped in the spring of 1846.

A man and wife on a horse, their children tied on another, galloped into the camp shouting to travelers to turn back or they would be killed trying to get to California. This was the first news those camped at Fort Hall — in eastern Idaho — had of the Mexican War in California.

The war was declared by President Polk on May 13, 1846.

Olive Mann Isbell and her husband, Dr. Isaac Chauncey Isbell, of Greenbush, Illinois, were in one of the twenty-three wagons at Fort Hall bound for California.

The couple had left on April 17, 1846, well-outfitted and with $2,000 in savings. The money had helped them avoid many of the hardships suffered by other immigrants. But in spite of this, they encountered difficulties: The crossing of the Platte River, enduring thirst in the desert, and other misfortunes of the

"A man and his wife galloped into camp shouting to the travelers to turn back."

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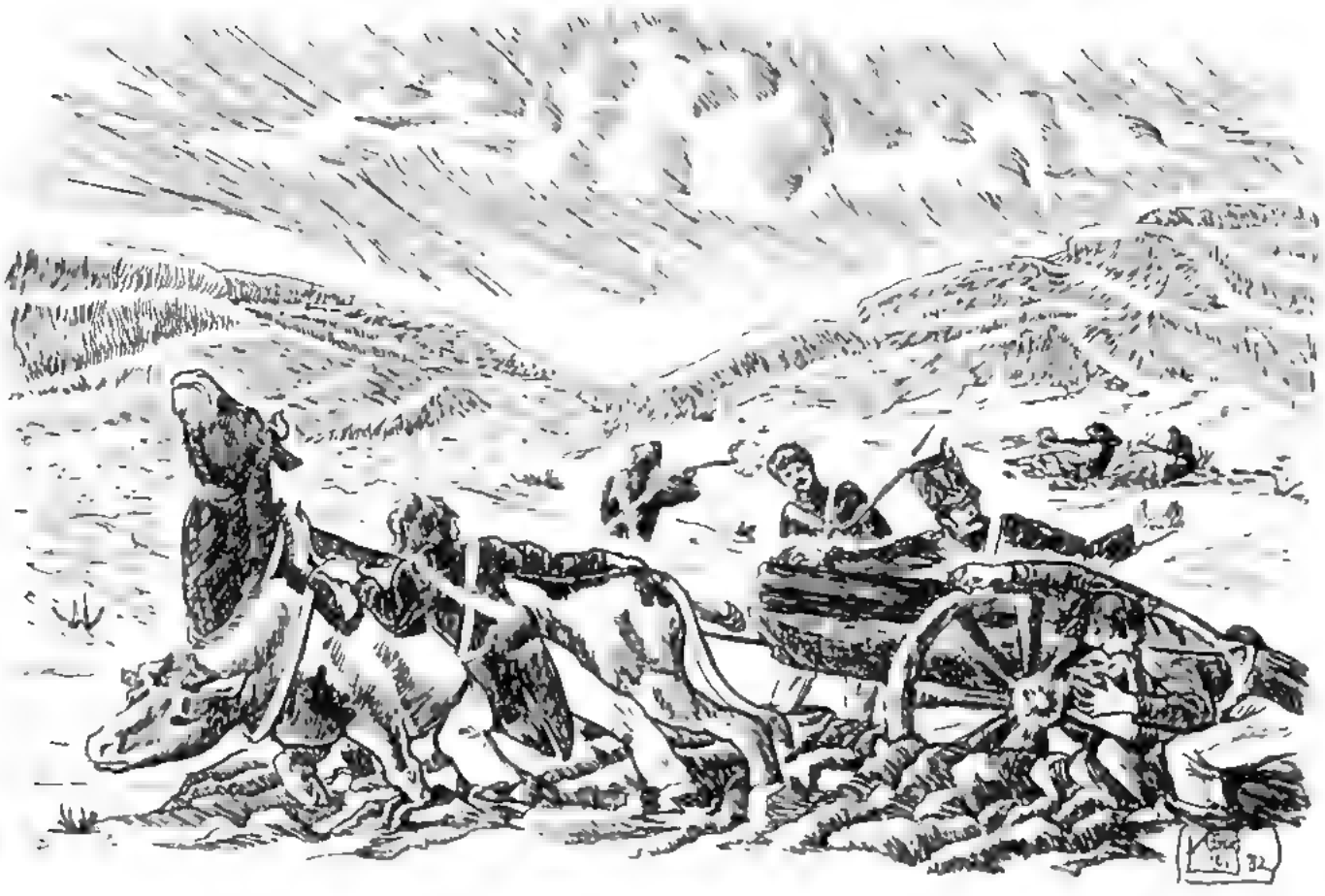


"As the marines approached the mission, their cannon bogged down in the mud."

Courtesy California State Library

Santa Clara Mission.

journey. They longed for the end of their trip.

Dr. Isbell asked his young wife if they should turn back.

"I started for California and I want to go on," she replied.

Mrs. Isbell's determination inspired others. Only a few wagons turned back. The first of the train arrived at Johnson's ranch in California on an October afternoon, after crossing the Sierra Nevada Mountains. They accomplished this without dismantling their wagons. Only one company before them had been able to do this.

No one in the party knew the way to California, so they did not realize they had arrived until they asked directions at the ranch.

"You are in California now," the owner replied.

Only a week's rest at Sutter's Fort was afforded before the settlers were barricaded for the winter in the Santa Clara Mission. An officer of Col. John C. Fremont's battalion escorted them there for protection from the Californians.

OLIVE ISBELL'S courage was once more tested when she was left to survive with the other women, children and disabled. Dr. Isbell was drafted to help Fremont fend off the forces of Don Francisco Sanchez.

The women spent the winter in a building so deteriorated that the rain fell almost as hard inside as out. Dr. Isbell soon fell victim to "emigrant fever" (typhoid pneumonia) and returned to the mission.

Olive nursed her husband as well as others who had the fever. The doctor's well-filled medicine chest and his wife's nursing skills kept the death rate lower than it would have been. She gave out more than a hundred doses of medicine a day. By night she ran ammunition to the soldiers.

Conditions grew steadily worse. It was discovered that the natives had concealed kegs of gunpowder inside the mission to blow it up. A messenger was rushed to the American troops at San Jose.

Twenty-five marines were dispatched from Yerba Buena (later, San Francisco). As the marines approached the mission, their cannon bogged down in the mud. The Californians dodged in and out of the chaparral firing on the marines. Mrs. Isbell loaned the soldiers her handkerchief to use as a flag of truce while they pulled free their cannon.

The "war nurse" at work.

Two marines were wounded in this skirmish, but not seriously. They were bandaged and served the best meal the women in the mission could assemble. Thus ended the battle of Santa Clara and on Jan. 7, 1847, a formal treaty ended the only "battle" in Northern California during the Mexican War.

WITH the war over and her husband recuperated, Mrs. Isbell turned her attention to the twenty or so children, some of them orphans, at the mission. She had been a teacher before she married, so she returned to that profession.

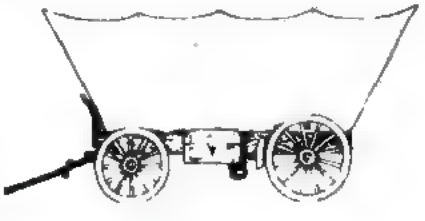
With the help from the children and others, she converted a 15-foot square horse stable into a classroom. Books included four or five McGuffey's readers, a few spellers, and two or three arithmetic and geography books. There were no blackboards; Mrs. Isbell wrote lessons on the dirt floor with a long pointed stick.

Thus, in December 1846, began the first English-speaking school in California taught by an American.

The Isbells two months later moved with five other families to Monterey. The fame of the little mission school had spread, so here she was asked to establish another school. A room in the Custom House was converted to a classroom. Olive had twenty-six students. That soon swelled to fifty-six. A few of the boys who spoke English helped the teacher who did not speak Spanish.

The Isbells' adventurous spirit led them from Calaveras County, California, to Texas, Mexico and back to California. They settled in Santa Paula. Dr. Isbell was crippled in a fall from a buggy and Olive spent sixteen years nursing him until he died in 1886. Olive died in 1899.

The intrepid pioneer woman was loved by the people of Santa Paula. According to the Sierra Education News of February 1943, a marble slab completely covers her grave, placed there by the club women of the town. In 1926, a school in Santa Paula was named for her.



A newspaper artist's conception of the S.S. Clallam tragedy which, in 1904, took fifty lives.

Floating Coffins

EARLY DAY TRAGEDIES ON PUGET SOUND

By
GENEVIEVE H. MILLER

Photos from the
Bert Kellog Collection

IT WAS night and a fierce wind blew across the Straits of Juan de Fuca, gateway to Washington State.

The captain of the Norwegian bark *Prince Arthur* mistook the light in a cabin window for a beacon on Tatoosh Island, at the Pacific Ocean entrance to the Straits. The 1,598-vessel, built in 1869, wrecked. The only survivors were a mate and a carpenter.

The mate described the horror of that night in January 1903. He told of his feeling of helplessness as he heard cries coming from the foaming surf in the pitch black darkness.

Amid the wind and screams for help, he fell asleep. At daylight, he awoke and found the wreckage and some of the bodies. Later he found the only other survivor. They gave each other moral support as they plotted ways to get help.

The mate, his shoes knocked off by the violent waves, pulled the boots from a body and put them on himself. The two men dragged some of the victims to higher land and then walked toward an Indian village they believed to be near.

As they trudged along, they found more bodies, eventually accounting for all eighteen crewmen who were lost. They salvaged barrels of flour and butter which they hid in the bushes.

Tired to the bone, the two men reached a settler's cabin about noon. They found the settler, who had lived alone for many years. He was also a Norwegian. He fed them and gave them dry clothes. After an overnight rest to regain their strength, the two crew members were accompanied by a group of Indians to their village where the two men stayed another night.

At daybreak, the Indians took the men in a canoe through thick fog and strong winds to a trading post in Ozette territory. The mate recalled that after their terrifying experience, the canoe trip made them extremely nervous.

At the trading post the two survivors waited for a small ship, the *Alice Gertrude*, which took them to Port Townsend on the inner Sound. There they informed the Norwegian consul of the wreck. The eighteen bodies were buried in a common grave at the site of the wreck. A stone marker notes the place where they died.

THE LOSS of the *Prince Arthur* is just one of the tragedies associated with the beautiful, but treacherous Straits of Juan de Fuca which lead to Puget Sound. The Straits' strong currents, uncharted rocks and lack of signal lights led to many shipwrecks. The poorly built, often overloaded ships which plied these waters became "floating coffins."

Though loss of life and ships often was caused by navigational error or unexpected storms, the Indians of Puget Sound insisted the disasters were revenge of their powerful sea god.

Settlers along the Straits and Sound traded with these Indians, learning their language, the Chinook jargon. In turn, the Indians often transported the settlers' supplies in canoes.

A Clallam County settler, Jim Hunter, delivered the mail in a canoe.

But heavier deliveries and passenger service were provided by little steamboats. Sailboats also took supplies inland. Indians met the boats in canoes towing a barge.

Clallam Bay was Washington's outermost harbor before ships entered the turbulent Pacific Ocean. During winter months more than a dozen ships often anchored there awaiting fair weather.

Before the turn of the century, two well-known little ships, the *Alice Gertrude* and the *Waialeale*, affectionately calld the "Weary Willie," sailed between Seattle and ports along the Straits. An early entry in a Neah Bay, Washington, general store showed the *Alice Gertrude* delivering 13 heating stoves and 12 stove pots. Total shipping cost: $5.05.

But weather, especially in winter, could change suddenly and at times brought disaster to the ships and their crews who braved these northern waters. One such tragedy was the *Prince Arthur*.

THREE YEARS after the *Alice Gertrude* carried the *Prince Arthur's* two survivors to Port Townsend, the *Alice Gertrude* met a similar fate.

The night of the *Alice Gertrude* disaster, Guy Lesure was with some friends in the lobby of the Clallam Bay Hotel. Years later, an elderly man by then, Lesure lived at Sappho when he was interviewed about the *Alice Gertrude* wreck. He said no lives were lost that night in January 1906, but the night was filled with terror for the trapped crew and passengers.

Lesure said the ship was loaded at Clallam Bay with 1,000 pounds of butter destined for Puget Sound towns. After loading freight and passengers at Clallam Bay during a heavy snowstorm, the ship nosed westward for Neah Bay.

But when the storm increased, Captain Kalstrom turned back for Clallam Bay. Darkness, visibility reduced to a few feet, and the wind's muffling sound, caused the captain to misguess the location of the dock. Moments later, a tremendous crash shook the ship as it struck a jagged reef.

Lesure, in the hotel lobby, heard someone shout, "The *Alice G's* in trouble!" Men rushed to light lanterns and brave the blizzard.

When the men's shouts on shore carried faintly to the ship, the captain ordered a line fired ashore. But it tan-

The Alice Gertrude helped transport passengers after the sinking of another ship and then herself became a victim. She is seen here floundering in a storm.

Ivor and Donald Smith of Port Angeles, Washington, recalled a terror-filled night aboard the Albion. This photo was taken in the 1930s.

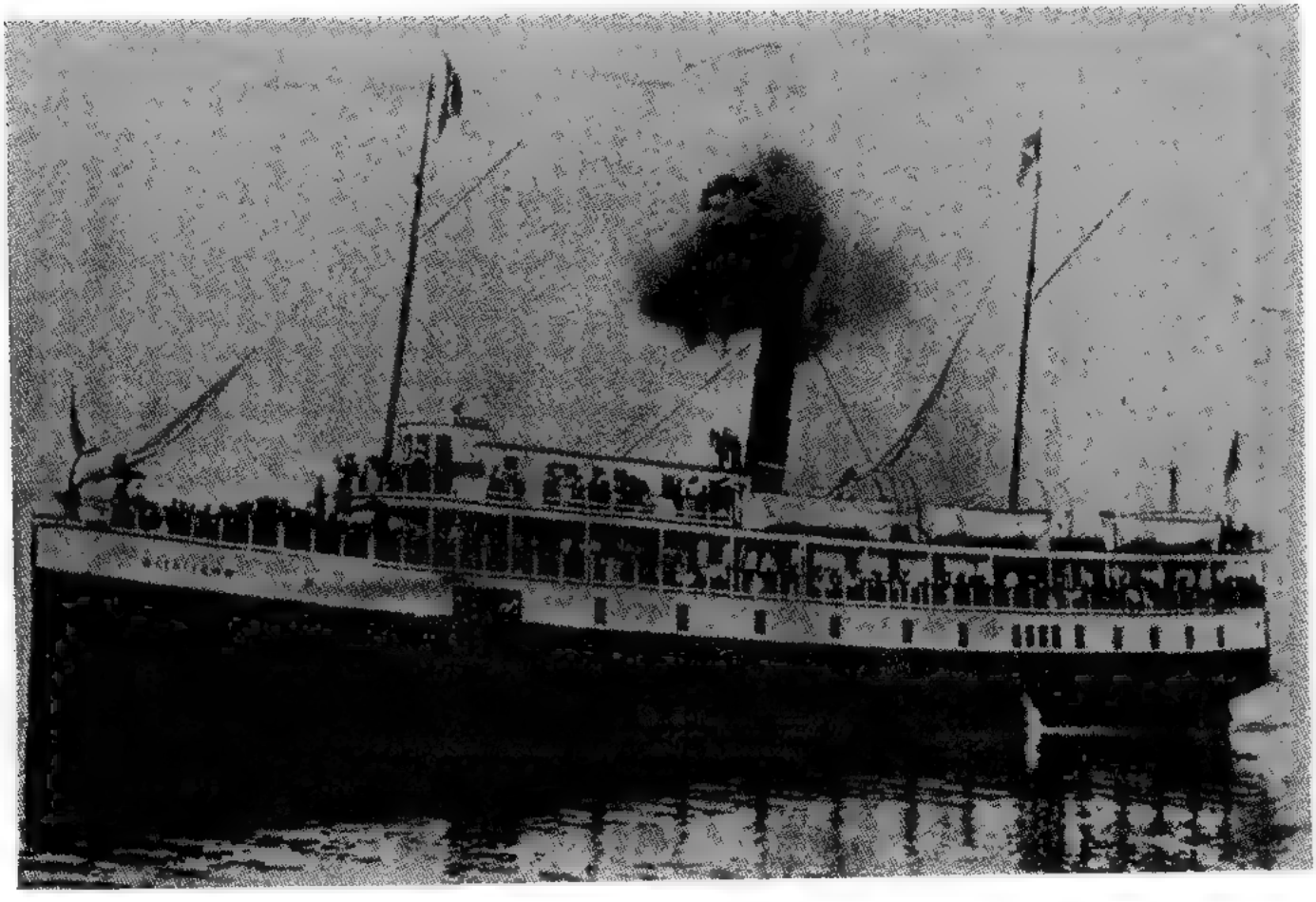
gled under rocks. A message telegraphed to Neah Bay brought Makah Indians to the rescue. Deep sea tugs towed large Indian canoes toward the disaster, but huge waves pounding furiously on the side of the listing vessel drove the canoes away.

The rescuers decided to wait for daylight and hope the hole in the hull didn't increase. Even as they worked, cargo was being washed up on the beach.

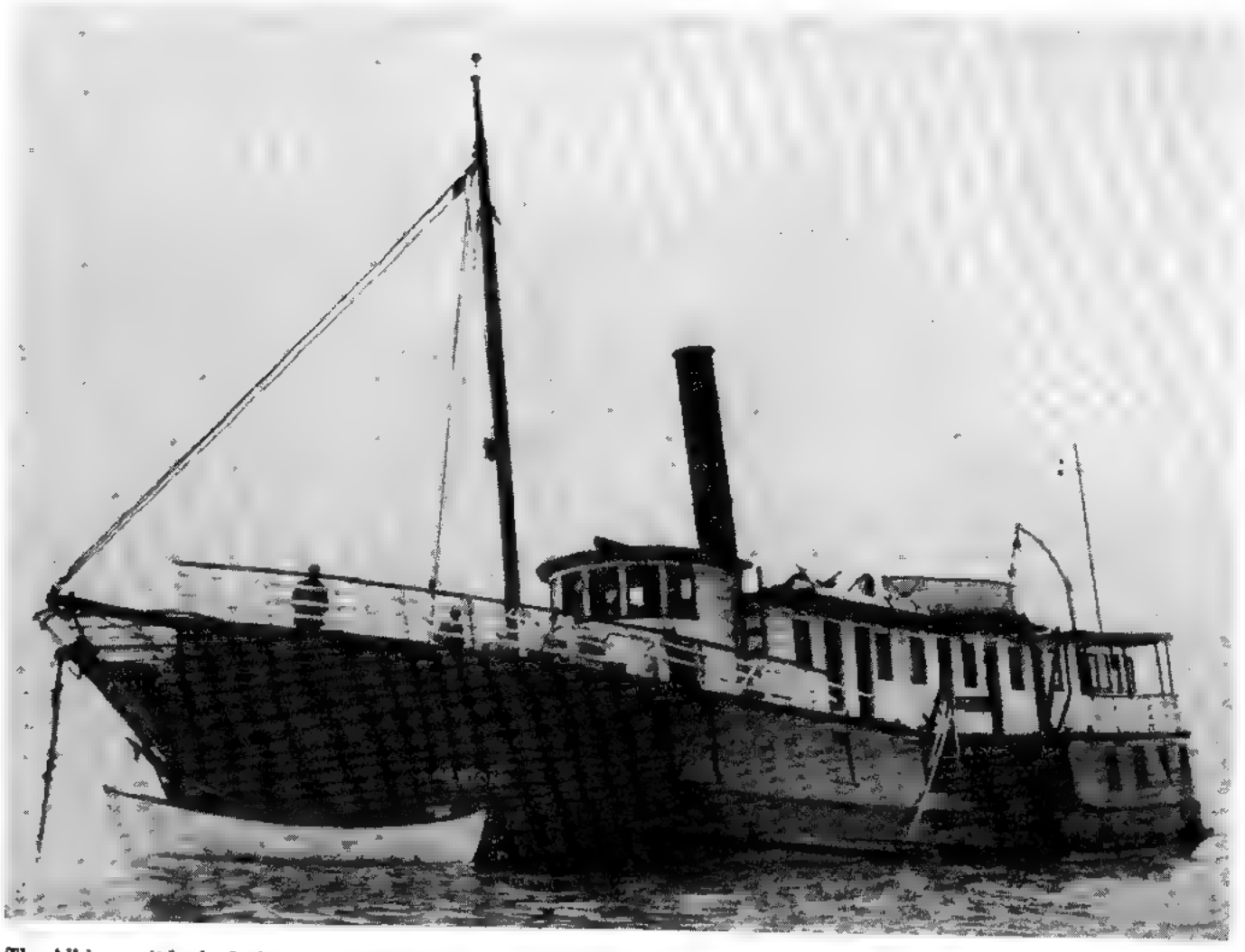
A few on the beach braved the storm and salvaged groceries, dry goods and whiskey. Lesure said that tipplers opened and sampled many bottles that night "just to make sure they are still all right."

Hours crawled by until daylight revealed the passengers and crew members huddled at the disabled ship's rail. A raft was floated out and one by one the people were taken from the stricken ship. According to the tradition of the sea, the captain was last to leave his ship.

ANOTHER Puget Sound wreck was described in the Aug. 1, 1910, issue of the *Olympic Leader*, the Olympic Pen-



S.S. Clallam, loaded with passengers, before the sinking.



The Albion as it looked after being rammed by the S.S. Chippewa.

insula's newspaper.

Ivor and Donald Smith, retired Port Angeles volunteer firemen and for years soft drink bottlers, also recall that wreck. They were on the ship that was wrecked, the *Albion*, when it was returning from Seattle.

The Smiths escaped death twice that night, from the danger of explosives and from the possible sinking of the *Albion* which had been struck by another ship, the *SS Chippewa*.

Donald Smith recalled that his father, William (Scotty) Smith, was moving from Centralia to Port Angeles. Adult fares were $1 and children rode free, so the parents and three children booked passage on a midnight sailing.

"At midnight the *Albion* set sail from Seattle," Smith said. "As we were nearing North Point, just north of Elliott Bay, the *SS Chippewa*, which was racing a tugboat, rammed the *Albion*.

"The *Chippewa's* bow came right into our stateroom door. Mother was still up and dressed, but my brother, Ivor, and my little sister, Laurella, and I were asleep in our bunks. Mother and Laurella were taken aboard the *Chippewa*. Ivor and I were placed on a seat at the stern of the *Albion* with our feet dangling in the water.

"The purser told us to stay and later he returned for us. We were taken aboard the *Chippewa* and put in a large stateroom with my mother and sister and they took us to Seattle to stay all day.

"Mother had left all her belongings, including her purse, so she could buy no food and we kids were hungry and still in our nightclothes. A waitress at the Colman dock lunch counter took pity on us and gave us each a ham sandwich.

IVOR recalled that after the shuddering crash, all was confusion and fear. He said the purser pushed the Smiths through square portholes and then helped them up a rope ladder to the *Chippewa's* deck.

"The *Chippewa's* sharp steel impaled the *Albion's* wood hulk so hard it was more than an hour before it could shake free," Ivor Smith recalled.

A Seattle newspaper reported that three tons of giant powder filled the *Albion's* hold. An officer from the boat said that at the time the steamship left the Seattle dock it was so heavily loaded with gasoline, naphtha and other high explosives that it was nearly impossible for the ship to pull away from the gangplank.

The *Albion*, though damaged, managed to remain afloat, according to early newspaper accounts. But no mention is made of the violation of maritime laws against transporting explosives and passengers together. Nor was anything said about the *Chippewa*.

A FAR MORE tragic Straits disaster occurred in January 1904, when a passenger ship, the *Clallam* went down claiming the lives of fifty persons, mostly women and children.

It appeared from the first the *Clallam*, built in Tacoma, was jinxed.

The summer previous to the sinking, the ship was launched at a Tacoma

Coast Guard Cutter Snohomish which made many a rescue at the scenes of sinking ships in Puget Sound.

shipyard. The daughter of a Tatoosh Island weather observer was present to christen the ship. The smiling young girl swung the champagne bottle against the bow — and missed!

As the ship slid down the ramp, the cheering onlookers watched the American flag climb to the top of the mast — upside down!

The day of the ill-fated journey, a bell-sheep, which for six months had led unsuspecting flocks up the gangplank — the sheep were destined for slaughter — refused to budge. So the ship had to leave for Victoria, British Columbia, without the sheep. Some wondered if that were an ill omen.

As they stopped at Port Townsend, rain pelted the ship and storm warnings were flying at Port Wilson. But Capt. George Roberts, one of the ship's owners and a 29-year veteran of navigating Puget Sound waters, had weathered many a storm. The ship put out in the Sound and Roberts took a nap.

Engine trouble developed. The bilge pump and backup pumps failed. Roberts awakened and ordered lifeboats lowered. Years later, many claimed that lives might have been saved if passengers had stayed with the ship.

Disaster reports conflicted. Some said the first lifeboat capsized immediately. Others said it floated about ten minutes. A second lifeboat was launched safely, only to have a fear-crazed man leap into it. He crushed a woman's skull and his floundering caused the boat to capsize.

When the third lifeboat sank carrying its screaming victims into the raging waters, the frantic captain ordered that no more lifeboats be launched.

The air was filled with screams. One man watched his wife and child drown. Another saw his fiancee go under, another, his bride of just one week.

Rescue boats rushed to the scene, but the *Clallam* turned turtle. Many drowned at once; some floated for hours on boxes and furniture. The captain and a dozen other men floated to safety on top of the pilot house.

An inquiry board blamed engineer De Launcey for negligence in having a defective bilge pump. Captain Roberts, believing he would forever be haunted by those capsized lifeboats, retired from the sea.

Though many mariners admitted disasters stemmed from human errors, the Indians believe it was the rage of the sea god. Their wise old owl god advised them, so they claimed, that "Thunderbird serves you faithfully, but the sea god has the power to strew the sea with wrecks and lives."

Books

FIRST MAJOR BIOGRAPHY OF REMINGTON PUBLISHED

FREDERIC REMINGTON: A BIOGRAPHY by Peggy and Harold Samuels *(Doubleday & Co., 245 Park Ave., New York, NY 10017, 537 pages, $24.95 hardcover, 9¼ x 6¼ inches).*

This new book is the first major biography of Frederic Remington, the well-known Western artist, whose art and prose spanned the 19th and early 20th centuries. In thirty-eight chapters the authors capture the flavor of Remington, who was born in Canton, New York, in 1861. He died at the age of 48 following an acute apprendictis in 1909.

The celebrated illustrator, painter, sculptor and writer produced more than 2,700 paintings and drawings. His art appeared in more than forty different periodicals and nearly 150 books. Remington, of course, is best known for his art.

The authors include more than thirty illustrations in the book, most showing Remington at different stages in his life. Detailed footnotes are included along with a selected bibliography and index.

The Samuels made use of their own collection of Remington source material including the artist's diaries, journals, sketch book, some fourteen hundred letters plus oral history recollections of many people who knew Remington personally. The book is filled with many stories about Remington, and is a major contribution to the story of Remington the man.

Highly recommended.

HAYDEN SURVEY

HAYDEN SURVEY, 1874-1876: MESA VERDE AND THE FOUR CORNERS by William H. Jackson and William M. Holmes *(Bear Creek Publishing Co., P.O. Box 254, Ouray, CO 81427, 45 pages, $3.50 paperback, 8½ x 5¾ inches).*

This attractive booklet contains a reprint of a report that first appeared more than a century ago. In early September of 1874, William H. Jackson, a pioneer photographer, together with others discovered an Indian cliff-house in the Canyon of the Rio Mancos in the Mesa Verde area of southwestern Colorado. This is a reprint of the original Hayden Survey report covering the 1874 to 1876 period. It includes Jackson's description of the initial 1874 reconnaissance and the subsequent explorations in the area by William H. Holmes.

Jackson's report takes the reader from the foothills of the La Plata Mountains through the Canyon of the Mancos southward to its westward departure from the Mesa Verde Plateau, near the present location on Highway 666. Here their journey swung northward to Ute Park and continued on down the Canon of McElmo Creek into Utah Territory and lower Hovenweep Canyon, where it terminated.

This reprint edition includes eight plates, five of which are large drawings, and the remaining three incorporate fourteen sketches of ruins, canyonlands and rock inscriptions rendered by Jackson himself.

The first edition is difficult to obtain. It is good to see this reprint.

Recommended.

INDIAN PLACE-NAMES

INDIAN PLACE-NAMES by John Rydjord *(University of Oklahoma Press, 1005 Asp Ave., Norman, OK 73019, 380 pages, $19.95 hardcover, $9.95 paperback, 8½ x 5½ inches.)*

This reissue of a 1968 book examines Indian place-names in Kansas. The author, a retired professor at Wichita State University, details the origin, evolution and meanings of Indian place-names still dotting the map of Kansas.

Many Indian place-names may be found in Kansas. Rydjord observes that this is the result of attempts to create a permanent Indian frontier in the West before Kansas became a territory in 1854. As a result, Kansas has Indian place-names not only from its early native inhabitants — Siouan, Caddoan, and Shoshonean tribes — but also from the Algonquians, Iroquois, and other eastern groups. A few place-names come from tribes to the west.

Although scholarly in nature, this book provides good reading. Footnotes are included along with a good bibliography and index.

Recommended.

SCHOOLING HORSES

THE SCHOOLING OF THE HORSE by John Richard Young *(University of Oklahoma Press, 1005 Asp Ave., Norman, OK 73019, 376 pages, $19.95 hardcover, 9¼ x 6½ inches).*

This handsome new book is a completely revised edition of a book titled THE SCHOOL OF THE WESTERN HORSE published in 1954 by the same publisher.

In his new introduction Young points out that since his book first appeared Western horsemanship has undergone some beneficial changes. He observes that the quality of riding today is better,

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The book not only provides good reading, but it will serve as a guide for anyone who enjoys horses. There are seventy-five photographs and twelve drawings and diagrams. A good index is included.

Recommended.

FOREST GUARDS

GUARDING THE FORESTS OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA by Ronald F. Lockmann *(The Arthur H. Clark Co., Box 230, Glendale, CA 91209, 184 pages, $19.50 hardcover, 9¼ x 6¼ inches).*

The "Creative Act," passed by Congress in 1891, enabled the President to set aside forest reserves, commercial use of which would be regulated by the government. Forests in Southern California were among the very first to be placed under the federal reservation program. Ironically, they contained only modest timber stands and few scenic attractions. The story of these special reserves is told in this nicely produced book.

The story of the forest reserves in Southern Californa give insights into the formative years of the environmental movement in America. By telling the story of how the forests were protected, Lockmann examines the evolving attitudes toward conservation of watershed, woodlands, and wilderness.

The book contains eight chapters, one of which focuses on Southern California between 1790 and 1890. Bibliographical notes and an index are included.

Readers interested in conservation will find this work of interest.

STEAMBOATS

WHISTLES ROUND THE BEND: TRAVEL ON AMERICA'S WATERWAYS by Phil Ault *(Dodd Mead, 79 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10016, 192 pages, $10.95 hardcover, 9¼ x 6¼ inches).*

This new book is something of a popular history of steamboat travel in the United States. The author actually includes material on flatboats, keelboats, horse-drawn canalboats and other forms of early water transportation in American, but he concentrates on steamboat travel.

The book has fourteen chapters. Several detail the golden age of steamboats on the Mississippi, Missouri and other rivers in the West. One chapter looks at steamboats and Indians, while another chapter focuses on the steamboat Far West and its role in the Indian wars, namely the battle of the Little Big Horn.

The book is nicely illustrated with many old photographs, drawings and maps.

A bibliography and index are included.

COLORADO IN 1885

Grip-Sack Guide of Colorado: A Complete Encyclopedia of the State by George A. Crofutt (Johnson Publishing Co., P.O. Box 990, Boulder, CO 80306, 264 pages, $12.95 paper, 8½ x 11 inches).

This is a fascsimile reprint of Crofutt's 1885 guide to Colorado. This reprint edition, however, includes more than additional period photographs edited by Francis Rizzari, Richard Ronzio and the late Charles Ryland.

A large fold-out map of Colorado also is included at the back of this attractive reprint.

The original guide was published in Omaha, Nebraska. George A. Crofutt produced many such guide books during the latter half of the 19th century. Most of them were tied to overland railroad travel.

Anyone familiar with Colorado and that state's history will find much interest in this reprint edition. Recommended.

SHERIFF POE

Buckboard Days by Sophie A. Poe (University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, NM 87131, 292 pages, $14.95 cloth, $8.95 paperback, 9½ x 6½ inches).

This biography was first published in 1936. It has long been out-of-print. It tells the story of John William Poe, a buffalo hunter, U.S. Marshal, sheriff, rancher and banker.

Poe was born in Kentucky but later settled in Texas and New Mexico. He gained much fame by being present in the summer of 1881 when Sheriff Pat Garrett shot and killed Billy the Kid, thereby ending the Lincoln County War. Poe followed Garrett as sheriff. Later he established a ranch near Fort Stanton, New Mexico. Still later he became a banker at Roswell.

The publisher includes a new introduction by Sandra L. Myres, a history professor at the University of Texas in Arlington. She writes that the biography "is as much Sophie's story as it is John William's. It is a delightful and often inspiring account of a young woman's courage and perseverance, and it deserves to take its place among the other books by pioneer women which are at last becoming recognized as an important part of the literature and history of the American West."

Notes and a good index are included. Recommended.

NEW MEXICO

The Discovery of New Mexico by Adolph A. Bandelier, translated and edited by Madeline Turrell Rodack (University of Arizona Press, Box 3398, Tucson, Ariz. 85722, 135 pages, $10.95 hardcover, 6 x 9½ inches).

The adventures of early explorers, travelers and others who ventured across the American Southwest where no white man had gone before are fascinating. This book looks at one such man — Franciscan Monk, Friar Marcos de Niza. In 1539 he discovered what is now New Mexico.

This book, however, is more. The story of the Friar's discovery was written many years ago by Adolph F. Bandelier, an anthropologist and historian, who lived from 1840 to 1914. Madeline Turrell Rodack came upon Bandelier's manuscript while translating another of the author's works.

Thus this nicely produced work not only reflects upon the man who discovered New Mexico, but it provides insights into Bandelier. Rodack provides the reader with information on both. She then presents a translation of Bandelier's story of the discovery of New Mexico. The balance of the book is devoted to reference material including a good index.

Students of early Southwest history will find this handsome book of much interest.

By The Old Bookaroos

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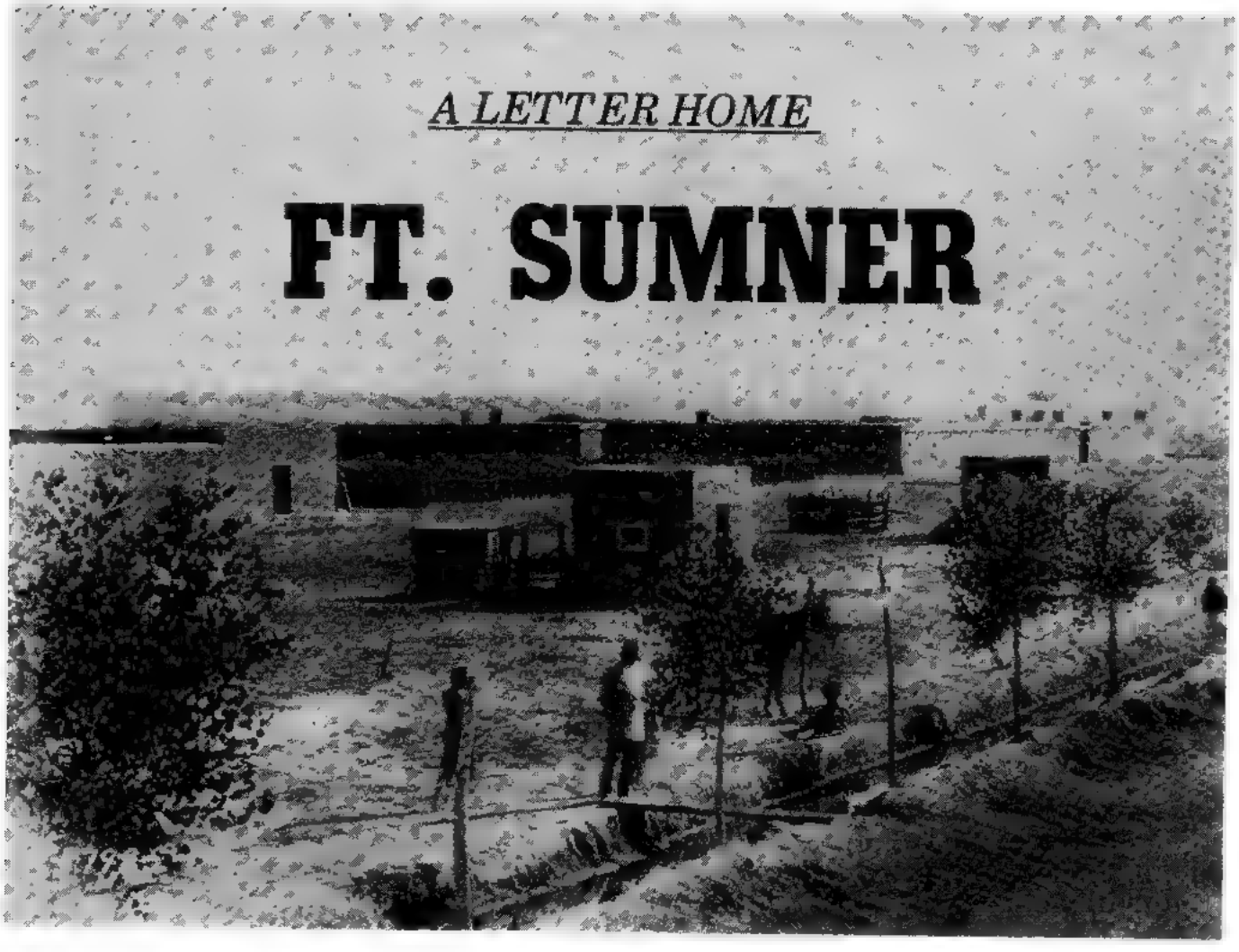
A LETTER HOME

FT. SUMNER



Fort Sumner, New Mexico, as it looked in 1880.

Courtesy U.S. Signal Corps.

"Where insects riot and Indians dance as though crazy."

By MICHAEL D. HARRISON

With the Civil War raging in 1862, German immigrant Jacob Oesterle decided to fight for the Union. At age twenty-two, he left his new home in Grand Rapids, Michigan, and enlisted in the 3rd U.S. Infantry in Rochester, New York.

After surviving three years of various campaigns, Corporal Oesterle was discharged on June 6, 1865, at the end of the war. On June 15, Oesterle re-enlisted for another three-year term and was assigned to the 19th U.S. Infantry.

Jacob Oesterle

His unit was reorganized and became Company A of the 37th U.S. Infantry. Assigned to the western frontier, the 37th saw duty in Kansas and New Mexico Territory.

By late 1867, Jacob Oesterle was sergeant of his company and stationed in Fort Sumner, New Mexico. Jacob wrote, in his native German, a letter to his brother in the

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East. The following is an exact translation of that letter describing life in the army and in the West.

Worthy Brother Frederick!

YOUR LETTER of September 9th left Grand Rapids the 14th and I received it with pleasure on the 3rd of October. Two weeks ago I received a letter from Adam and he writes that on the 12th of October his time expires, and that he has in mind to go to Galveston, Texas.

So if you have not yet sent the gold, I think it would be best for you to wait until Adam writes again. He wrote me that as soon as he reached a place where he intended to remain, he would write me again.

I undertook a great task yesterday. I wrote a letter to our Godfather in Pfalzgrafenweiler and wrote him about my journey but do not know whether he could grasp it or not.

I wrote that some days we marched on an average of the distance of from our town to Stuttgart and that we saw neither village nor house and on account of the firewood, because it is so scarce, we could do nothing else but burn dung from the wild buffalo. When this is dry, it burns light and well.

In Kansas this was mostly our firewood and in this manner we sometimes cooked our coffee and meals. But sometimes we were in misfortune, especially when it rained because it was too wet and would not burn well. This dung is in some parts as thick as where a herd of sheep have grazed. The buffalo were sometimes together in whole bands.

WHEN ONE desires to leave the fold (fort) he can go to Kansas. The train now runs fifteen miles outside of Fort Hays, Kansas. There the workmen had to halt their work for the Indians sometimes drove them away and sometimes fired upon the train. The Indians do not want the train to go through their land and they say their hunting is then ended and as long as they have one man to fight, so long they will not give up their land.

Our military is not yet strong enough, the Regular Army numbers about 50,000 men. But the wilderness is evidentally too great and the red warriors are too numerous for us soldiers.

One day before we arrived at Fort Sumner, this tribe of Indians, with which we had a battle with the 3rd U.S. Calvary, this tribe was captured many years ago by the 7th U.S. Calvary and since then they are here. There number is over seven hundred souls. The government must support them.

It was this way with this battle. The Officer Adjutant of the 5th U.S. Calvary Regiment also went to the Indian encampment with the Calvary and wanted several of their horses which the Indians would not give. The officer had had one glass too many; in a manner he had no right whatever to take their horses, or ponies, as they are called. The officer gave the command to fire, which also happened, and the Indians were also quite ready to fight. Through this mishap the Calvary lost six men by death and the officer received several arrows through his coat.

OUR COMPANY bought a garden

Fort Sumner as it looked in 1865, two years before Sergeant Jacob Oesterle was stationed there.

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from the 5th Infantry, which we relieved. It is somewhat more than two acres and cost 110 dollars. Each one of us paid one dollar and sixty cents, and we also received four cows from the quartermaster.

In our garden we have some krout, bagas, onions, radishes, and several watermelons. The land is not the best here, it is too sandy in the entire vicinity. The ground pears (potatoes) are very expensive, the barrel costing seventeen dollars which is about two and a half bushels.

The water is very bad, in English it is called alkali. Our wood is also scarce. The drivers must go forty miles for it, it is white cedar and a little pine. There are no ground pears here at the fort at all, at least, I have not seen any yet.

DOWN TOWARD the Rio Grande the land is much better. That is about three hundred miles from here and this is the name of the river which flows there and whose waters divide Old Mexico from New Mexico.

Our fort is laid out very nicely; we have good shade trees all around and there are nice streets here, just like an avenue, trees have been planted on both sides.

But it is lonesome for me. During the day the flies give me no rest and at night the insects riot so vigorously that one cannot sleep. But recently I have prescribed a remedy for them and that is coal oil. Where the boards and bedposts joift, I poured it on, and since then I have had rest.

I shall write you the kind of Captain we have. He is a Baron of Adel and he is either a Pole or an Austrian. His name is so Polish that one cannot pronounce it, it is called Rzisha.

He has many German books and recently I read one of them. It was a story where years ago the Schwartzwald belonged to Upper Austria. He has had a farm in Michigan for some years but everything was ruined on it. For he did not understand how to work it. His life as a Baron is evidentally at an end in this country. He cannot endure a Yankee. He says they know and understand nothing, for they were formerly his workmen.

OUR INDIANS here are again peaceable, only now and then a tribe of Indians coming, which are called Commanches and Uthas. These sometimes come early in the morning and commit theft, for instance. They take the other Indians' horses or cattle and so they sometimes have a skirmish together.

They pull the live skins from the heads of one another. This is the way they do; when they do not have it with the soldiers they have it with one another. Two tribes recently fought together just on account of their cattle, naturally they lost on both sides. Then these Indians who have their camp near our fort brought a skin from the head of one, this is called a scalp in English, to show us. The Indians were greatly pleased, this being quite an honor for them.

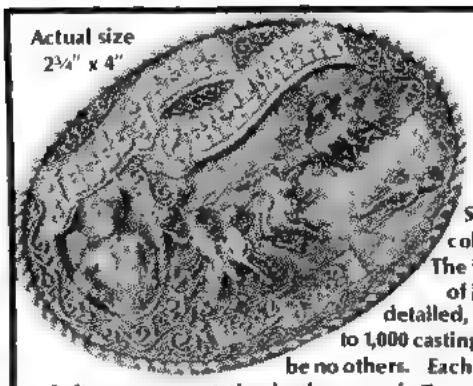
Then they had three days and three nights of singing and dancing over the victory they had won. It is more of a clamor or cry than a song and I would as soon hear the wolves which are here.

It is amusing what these people do, sometimes ten or fifteen of them swing around a fire with hands on the shoulders of one ahead and sing and dance as though crazy. It is so around a hundred fires or in the fall when they need rain they do likewise. When one party gets tired of singing, then another starts up and so they alternate. Not a week passes during which they do not sing.

It is singular that every tribe of Indians has another language and another belief. The tribe here, namely the Navajoes, believe that when a person dies, the soul passes into a fish; there are some fish here but they would not eat them under any consideration. When one of them dies everything he possessed is burned.

In this letter, I shall enclose several of my pictures. The letter is in a good container. Many greetings for you, Frederick, and your family.

I remain, your brother, Jacob.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WILLIAM P. HALL

HORSE KING OF THE WORLD

By PAUL F. LONG
Photos from the author

THERE was a time in American history when the horse was king and at the height of that time there lived a man in Missouri who was known as the "Horse King of the World."

His name was William P. Hall and his love for horses led him into a love for elephants, other exotic animals and circuses. But it was with the horse that he reached the zenith of his power and prominence.

It seems that horse trading is an occupation which developed in the distant past, likely shortly after the domestication of the first steed. Since then, throughout man's long association with the horse, they have been individuals who had a good eye for horseflesh.

These keen-eyed traders often made a career out of this ability, especially during the era when most transportation and power was provided by horses and mules.

Some of these men were honest and reputable; others were narrow-eyed crooks just bordering on the criminal. And of course, some western outlaws got their start in the business by finding and trading horses which didn't belong to them.

William P. Hall belonged to the former group. A remarkable gift for judging horseflesh, he also had the trust and admiration of his neighbors, employees and friends.

HALL WAS BORN near Lancaster, Missouri, on Feb. 29, 1864. Billy Hall's first horse trade was not indicative of his later success. At a young age, Billy was given a horse by his father. He traded the horse for two frisky ponies which proved absolutely worthless.

Early on, Hall had a second experience which influenced his career. A circus was scheduled in a nearby town. His father promised Billy he could attend if he did a good day's work the day prior to the circus.

Circus day came and Billy was given a horse to ride into town but no money. So Billy, with his friends, used the time-honored method of crawling under the tent.

The other boys reached the bleachers but Billy was caught and led out of the tent by the ear. He said the incident sparked two ambitions: To own a circus and grow big enough to thrash a circus bouncer.

Billy was still a youngster when his father died. His mother and he moved into Lancaster, where Billy worked in a stable. At age fourteen, Billy was orphaned. He went to work for a farmer for a dollar a week and board.

SAVING HIS MONEY, Hall bought a black horse for the small fortune of eleven dollars. He soon had a team of horses and considerable money. Using his natural talent for judging horseflesh, Hall built a good sized horse farm while still in his teens.

Soon, Hall had a big contract to supply all the horses for the streetcars in Philadelphia. He was then commissioned to furnish horses for a Chicago firm. His biggest customer was the American Express Co., for whom he supplied all the horses the firm needed west of the Mississippi River.

In 1895, Hall opened a sales barn in Richmond, Virginia. This allowed him to supply the big European markets. During the 1890s, he spent a year on the

Advertisement for Hall's circus.

William P. Hall's horse farm at Lancaster, Missouri.

Only known photo of railroad equipment used by the William P. Hall Circus which toured in 1905. Workers are unidentified.

Continent directing his shipments.

The Boer War broke out in South Africa in 1899 and Hall was soon selling mules and horses to the British. During the war, from 1899 to 1903, Hall had a sales barn in Cape Town, South Africa. A brother, Louis, managed the barn.

By war's end, Hall was wealthy and known, perhaps self-proclaimed, as the "Horse King of the World."

WITH his newfound wealth, Hall bought $20,000 worth of diamonds. Because he wore these, he earned the nickname, Diamond Billy. Locally, he was known as "Colonel" Hall.

A magazine article in 1918, described Hall as large, healthy, quick-speaking and of exemplary habits.

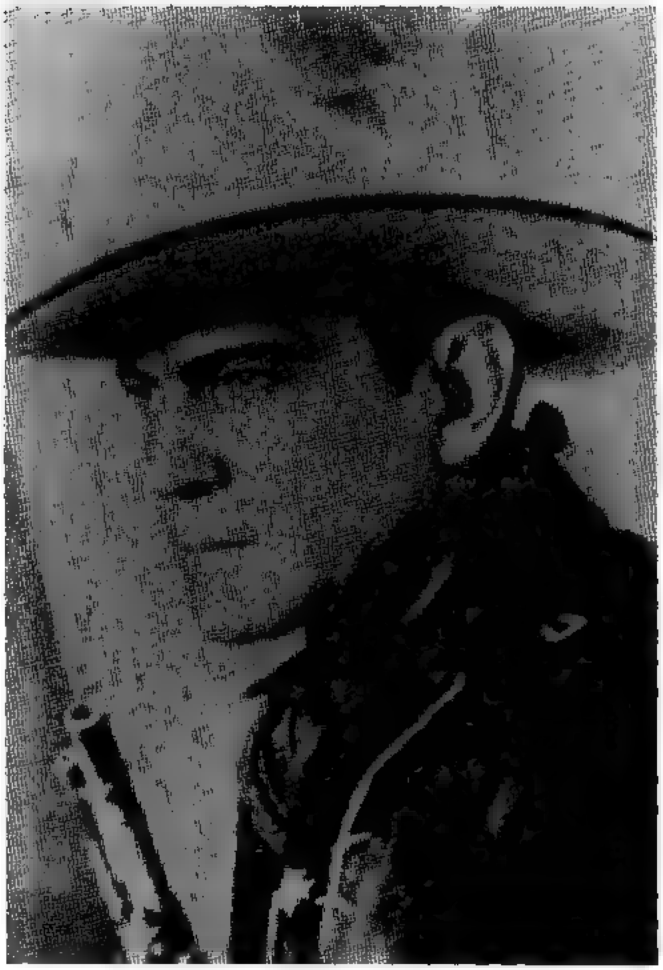
Hall took a personal interest in running his farm. He was out in his barns by dawn seeing that all was ready for the day's work. He seemed truly to love animals: Horses, mules, lions, tigers, camels and elephants. Hall also is considered the developer of the Missouri mule.

Hall first became involved with circuses in 1904 when he bought two elephants, Duke and Mary, at the St. Louis World's Fair. Hall attended the fair to deliver horses for the Boer War Show.

At the close of the fair, the Boer War Show moved to Hall's Lancaster farm for the winter. In the spring of 1905, the Boer War Show went on tour. Hall may have had an interest in the show.

In the fall of 1904, Hall purchased the first of several circuses, the Harris Nickel Plate Show, which had gone broke. In 1905, he bought the twenty-

William P. Hall with high silk hat, and two associates, Ed L. Brannon and Bert McClain.



Buck Jones

five-railroad-car Walter L. Main Circus.

At this point, "The Great William P. Hall Shows" was organized, fulfilling Hall's boyhood dream of operating a circus. Hall added horses and the elephants he already owned and the show opened in Lancaster.

From there, it went to Iowa, then Illinois, back to Missouri, into Oklahoma Territory, Kansas, and ended the season in Missouri. During this trip, the show was plagued by bad weather, a wreck of the show train and at least twice the big top blew down. Problems recurred with the livestock.

Hall left the tour early and returned to Lancaster to supervise shipment of 2,000 horses to South Africa. Some thought the show would return on tour in 1906, but it never opened again. From then on, Hall was content to buy and sell animals and equipment for circuses.

DURING the next several years, Hall had dealings with nearly all circuses operating in America, such as the John R. Robinson Circus, Cole Brothers, Ringling Brothers, and the Miller Brothers and Arlington Wild West Show.

Perhaps the two biggest transactions were the purchase of the Yankee Robinson Circus, a twenty-five-car show, in 1920, and acquisition of the Buck James Wild West Show in 1929.

Yankee Robinson, who began a circus in 1854, had a series of successes and failures. In 1858, Yankee had two units on the road but the following year he fled from a mob in the Carolinas leaving his equipment behind. He died in 1884. The large circus bought by Hall in 1920 still used the Yankee Robinson name.

After a successful stint as a Hollywood western film actor, Buck Jones went on the road with a Wild West show. Many screen actors did this. Jones had toured with Ringling Brothers before going to Hollywood in 1917.

But the Buck Jones show folded before the end of the season. It ended up at the Hall farm. Hall picked up the mortgage for a good profit.

BY 1911, at the height of his career, the construction at Hall's farm was mostly completed. Included were two horse barns, barns for mules and wagons, and a notable three-story barn for horses, elephants, canvas and wagons.

Tents were stored on the top floor; wagons on the second; horses on the first and elephants got the basement. The big barn also was winter home for razorbacks (circus workmen) and elephant men employed by Hall at the farm.

Nearly all the buildings at the Hall farm were razed in 1946 by William P. Hall Jr. The 160-acre farm was mostly grazing pasture used by the more than 2,000 horses Hall sometimes had on the property.

The circus proved a fickle mistress for Hall. Despite amassing several fortunes, Diamond Billy was reportedly $50,000 in debt when he died on June 30, 1932. His son said, "My father would probably have been better off if he had not become interested in shows."

Western Roundup

Lloyd Mitchell with his western collection.

Spurs On Display. More than 6,000 spurs are on display at Mitchell's Free Western Museum in Gatesville, Texas. The museum, owned by Lloyd Mitchell, displays 6,426 spurs, some of which belonged to movie stars Rex Bell and Hoot Gibson.

The visitor can view certain specialty items too, such as a pair of spurs fashioned from an old windmill. Other spurs come from the continents of Europe, Asia, and North America. The musuem highlights brands of spurs: Boone and Anchor, Star, Crockett, Kelly, O.K., and Hercules.

Mitchell's Free Western Museum is located on Texas Highway 36 in Gatesville.

Western Collection. The largest privately-owned collection of western frontier memorabilia in the world can be viewed at the Frontier Museum in Temecula, California.

The museum, which is a re-creation of the early western town of Tombstone, Arizona, displays over 1,000 authentic guns, many of which were used by famous western figures. Over 60 wax figures, stagecoaches, a chuck wagon, jailhouse, saloon, theatre, a western street and shops also highlight the museum.

Visitors can find the Frontier Museum west of Interstate 15 E (old 395) two hours southeast of Los Angeles. It is located between Los Angeles and San Diego. New to Temecula, it was opened to the public April 21, 1982. It is open from 9 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. every day except Sunday.

Four Museums in One. The Buffalo Bill Historical Center in Cody, Wyoming, houses four large museums dealing with western frontier history.

The four museums are the Buffalo Bill Museum, Winchester Gun Museum, Plains Indian Museum, and the Whitney Gallery of Western Art. Each deals with artifacts and information about specific areas of western history.

The Center is located at 720 Sheridan Avenue, next to the park, in Cody. It is open from 7 a.m. to 10 p.m., June through August; 8 a.m. to 5 p.m., May and September; and 1 to 5 p.m., Tuesday through Sunday, in March, April, October, and November.

Artifacts and Art. The National Cowboy Hall of Fame, located in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, displays artifacts as well as art dealing with western United States history. A large library on western information accentuates the Hall of Fame also.

Visitors will find the attraction open 8:30 a.m. to 6 p.m., from Memorial Day to Labor Day. During the rest of the year, it is open from 9:30 to 5:30 p.m.

The National Cowboy Hall of Fame is located on 1700 N.E. 63rd Street, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73111.

Early Urbanites. Territory Junction, in the Montana Historical Society Museum, Helena, is hosting a new permanent exhibit called "The Urban Pioneers."

"The Urban Pioneers" displays businessmen and others who lived during the 1860s through the 1880s. It is composed of brief videotapes which show period photographs of the people who settled in Montana Territory towns.

Territory Junction itself is a "street" of 11 shops and offices characterizing an imaginary 1880s business district. "The Urban Pioneers" exhibit opened there on March 15, 1982.

Writing Convention. Publishers' booths, speakers, tours, and awards presentations will highlight the Western Writers of America 30th Annual Convention in Amarillo, Texas, in 1983.

The convention is tentatively scheduled to begin the last Sunday of June and run through the following Thursday (June 26 through 30). Registration is on Sunday, the 26th, and the convention will begin Monday the 27th.

The chairman of the convention is Jim Jennings, 207 Mescalero Trail, Route 5, Amarillo 79118.

Western Fair. The Pomona County Fairgrounds are the site of the Great Western Fair, the world's largest Western Americana exposition, held on November 12, 13, and 14.

The Fair features over 3000 booths showing art, weapons, relics, artifacts and historical collections, as well as displays and exhibitions of interest to any Western buff.

For information write Great Western Fair, Box 65, North Hollywood, CA 91603.

Western Roundup is a report on places to go and things to see associated with the history of the Old West. Submissions are welcome. Information on scheduled events should be submitted at least six months prior to the event. Items on historic places are also welcome. Send information, including black and white photos, to: Western Roundup, Western Publications, Iola, Wisconsin 54990.

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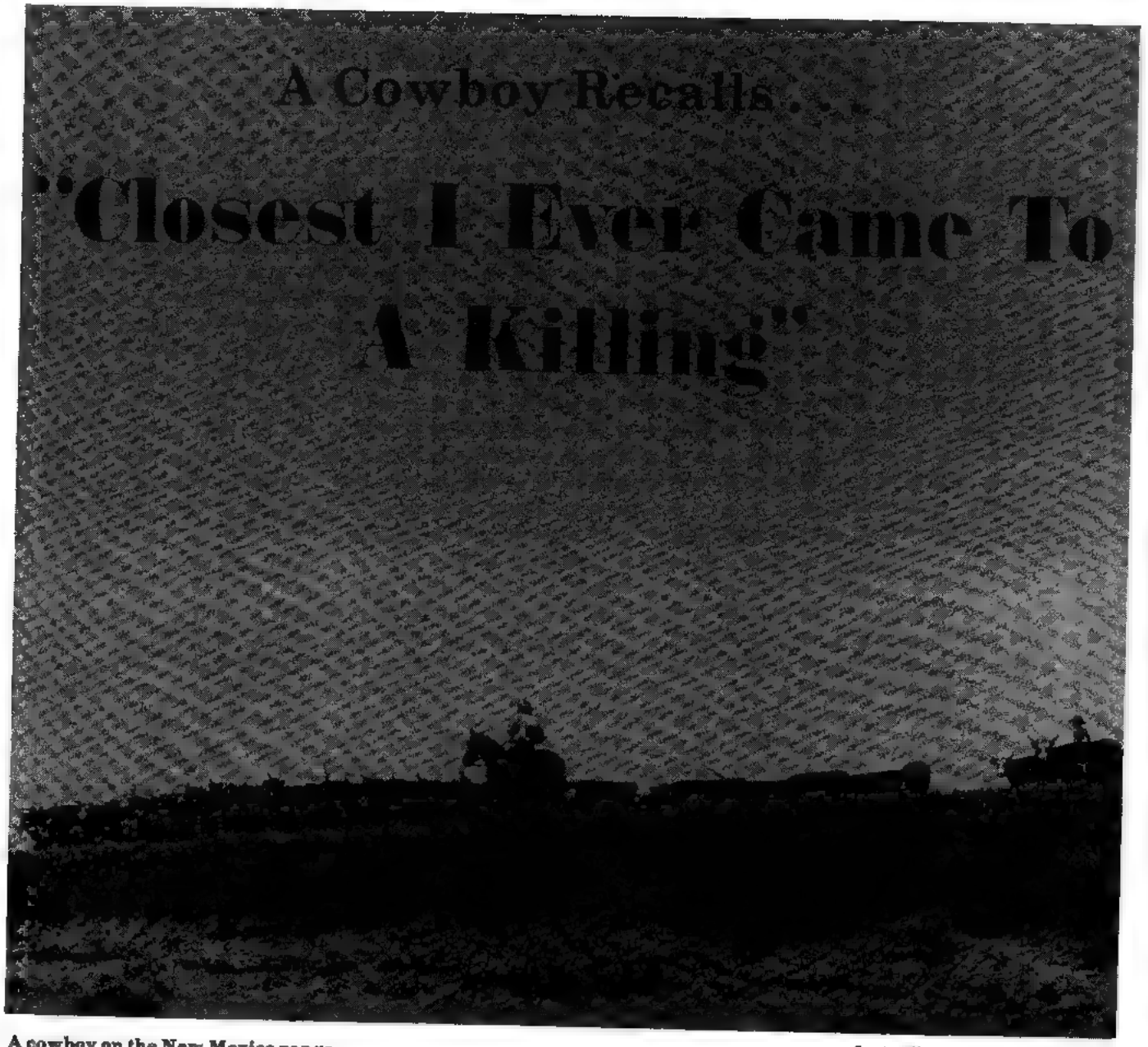
A Cowboy Recalls . . .

"Closest I Ever Came To A Killing"



A cowboy on the New Mexico range.

Courtesy New Mexico State Tourist Bureau

MOST of the men of the Old Southwest went armed, even years after the turn of the century in some parts. It's amazing there weren't more killings. I happened in on one close call.

For years Magdalena was the biggest shipping point in western New Mexico. Even after the trail drives were becoming a thing of the past, a lot of ranchers in that area herded their cattle across the San Augustin plains toward Magdalena in the old-time way.

Nearly sixty years ago, I worked on such a drive for Harris Miller, a good cowman. His cattle were noted for being high grade animals, some of the best in that part of the country.

By LYO LEE
As told to
Connie Sheppard

The summer had been very dry and by fall the cows were in poor condition. Miller knew that he could not afford to haul feed and he either had to sell or find pasturage. He located some grazing land east of the Rio Grande River near a little Mexican settlement, San Marcial. That area is now under the water of Elephant Butte Lake. He knew that moving the cattle in their weakened condition would be difficult. He needed cowboys, someone like Slim Smithson.

Smithson, an experienced old cowboy, was hanging around Magdalena with a new car and his owning the car was regarded as unusual. Smithson made the down payment on the car while working on an alfalfa ranch near Los Angeles.

But Smithson was inclined to become restless and dissatisfied regardless of job or circumstances and would quit without considering the possibilities of bettering himself.

AS HE was hanging around Magda-

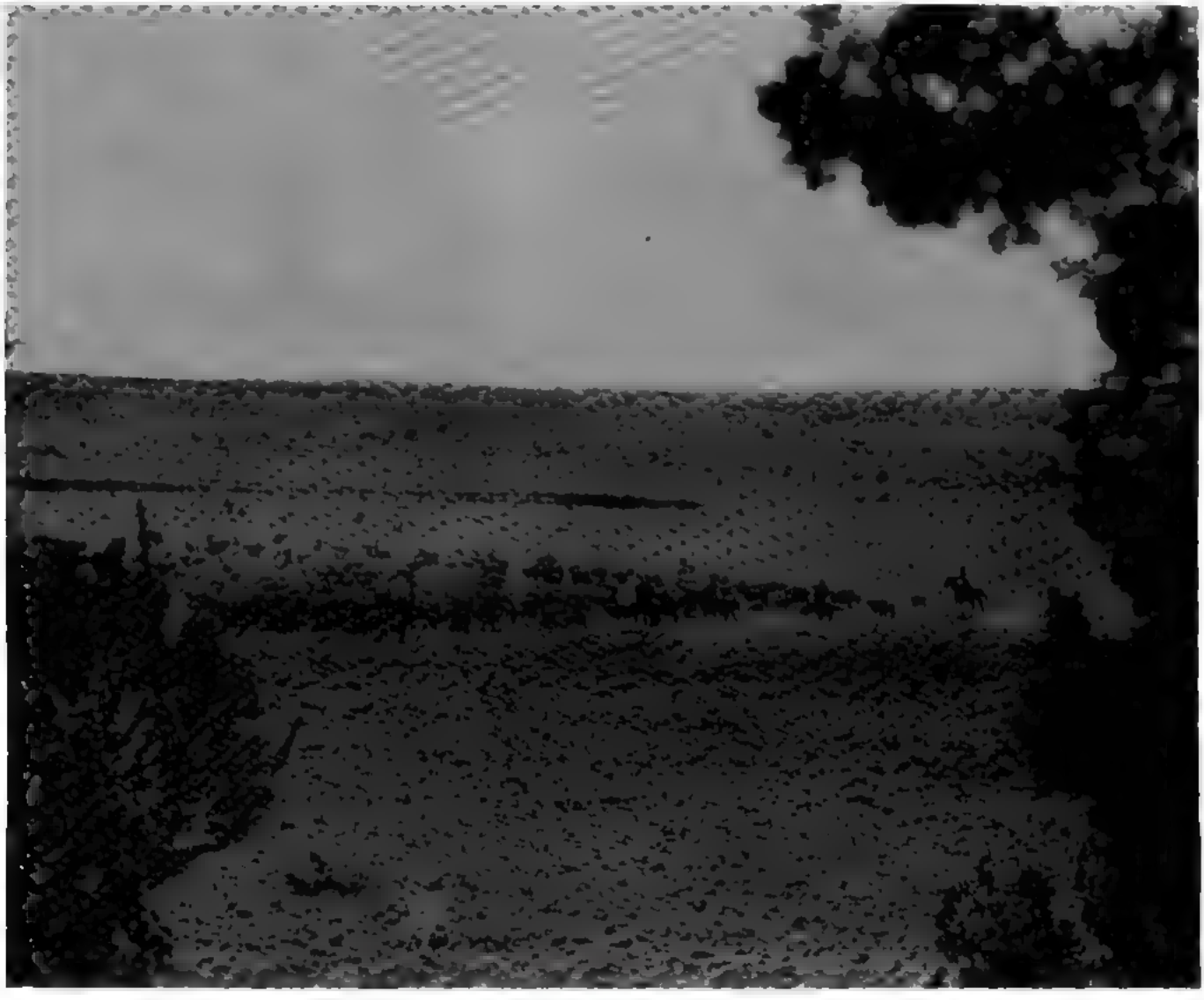
LICEN
DLE

Lyo Lee

lena, Smithson got to know Tom Teefteller, a noted gambler. Teefteller had come from Pawhuska, Oklahoma. He arrived with money and he began gambling at Quemado. He was well dressed, polished and a bachelor.

Teefteller met and married a local girl and bought a good ranch south of town at the foot of the Allegro Mountain. It was in a rough country but he did not stay there much. He spent most of his time in Quemado and Magdalena where he had poker games going. It was not unusual for him to play day and night for a week. He played with nobody except those who had money, but was respected for playing fairly. However, he was the kind who just didn't play for pastime; he went into a game for what he could win.

In two years, Teefteller was something of a landmark; everybody in the country knew him. At his gambling



Courtesy New Mexico State Tourist Bureau

Cowboys work their herd on New Mexico's dusty range.

rooms in Magdalena, he noticed Smithson hanging around. He knew Slim was a good cowboy and he suspected that he was indebted for his car. He said, "Slim, where did you get that car?"

"California."

"There are some strangers in town. They might be looking for your car. Better get it out."

Tom wasn't worried about the strangers, he was just trying to help Slim. "Might be wise to move it," Teefteller said.

Slim wasn't much interested, but Tom persisted. He offered: "Why not go out to my ranch? To pay for your keep you could rope some mavericks for me. I'll give you twenty dollars for each yearling you brand. Lots of cattle around there and nobody ever goes out that way."

So Slim went, but as was his habit, he didn't stay long. In less than two months he showed up in Quemado and stayed with my father, Tom Lee. They became acquainted when both worked earlier on another ranch.

Smithson learned that Harris Miller had bedded his herd down outside of town and was looking for cowboys. He wanted someone who would work for the customary wages and furnish their own horses, because he was short of mounts. Because of the draught, he was having to feed again and the fewer horses he had the better.

Miller needed men so badly he finally offered sixty dollars a month and feed. That was twice the customary wages, so I decided to go to work for him.

Slim came in that night and he agreed to return the following morning to work for Miller. Slim arrived with two pack horses, a good saddle, a bed roll, and a pack mule. That outfit was the equivalent of a Cadillac.

The foreman looked over Slim's gear, but made no comment.

SEVEN days later when we were in the middle of the San Augustine Plains where there was no grass, it was Thanksgiving. Dad was trucking between Datil and Magdalena. He brought us a big box of food, including turkey and the fixings. We divided it among the cowboys. We did not miss the day's drive because the cattle were so poor and thin that they could not make more than four or five miles a day.

At night we had trouble because the calves were not getting any milk. That caused them to try to slip back to their last bed ground. We knew where to find them but it was a nuisance to have to take the wagon and haul them to the herd. The old cows would just stand, look at the sun, and bawl.

Then came a big rain. It changed to sleet. The wind was strong and we were soon soaked through. The cattle would not move unless prodded. We finally made the Slash JL headquarters, which had been deserted for some time. We knew that nobody lived there, but we thought the house would provide some shelter.

The big adobe was a wreck. Most of the roof had fallen in but the walls were standing and in places under parts of the roof it was dry. We got the herd bedded down, the wagon camped and a fire going in the fireplace in one room. The boys were delighted; it was just like being in a hotel.

We had just eaten supper and settled down around the fire when one of the men on night guard reported that a car was approaching. We could see the headlights coming down the road. When it arrived, Dad and Tom Teefteller got out. I began thinking: When Slim came to work he brought all that fine equipment. He had a pair of unused tapaderos, new spurs, a good saddle which he was not using — prefering an old dilapidated one, and a pair of boot shoes. He bantered me for a trade.

I tried on the boot shoes and they fit exactly. They were made low for dress wear. I also took the tapaderos and the saddle.

Another cowboy, Heck Whitley, traded for the mule. Good pack mules were always in demand.

All the animals Smithson brought with him bore Teffteller's brand, but what Tom had given Slim, we figured, was his business.

Dad and Teefteller came in and had coffee. While the others were getting into their bedrolls, they motioned me outside.

"What kind of saddle is Slim using?" Dad asked.

I told him.

"That saddle, the horses, the mule,

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Courtesy Connie Sheppard

Tom Lee, left, with son Bud, in Quemado, New Mexico, about 1927.

Courtesy New Mexico State Tourist Bureau

Often during a roundup on the New Mexico ranges, the cattle have to ford a stream, as shown here.

everything Slim brought with him except his gun, belongs to Tom Teefteller. If you want your saddle back you'd better get it right now because Tom's going to take what belongs to him."

I told Teefteller exactly what had occurred. I had no choice; it was useless to try to protect Slim. The equipment he'd brought spoke for itself.

BOTH SLIM and Tom carried guns, as did everybody, but Tom's was in a shoulder holster under his coat. He asked me about the other items and I went to get them. When I was doing so, I saw Slim transfer a gun he always carried in his chaps pocket to his belt.

"Slim, come here," commanded Teefteller.

Slim was six feet tow and weighed about a hundred forty. His eyes were deep-set and always watering. He came outside and Tom walked up to him.

"I've always tried to help you," Teefteller said. "I've treated you well. You stole everything you brought on this drive. You stole it from me, you s.o.b.! You've carried that gun til you're lopsided. Now I want you to use it."

But before Slim can act, Tom flashed a .38 revolver and jabbed it into Slim's belly. With his other hand, Tom took Slim's gun.

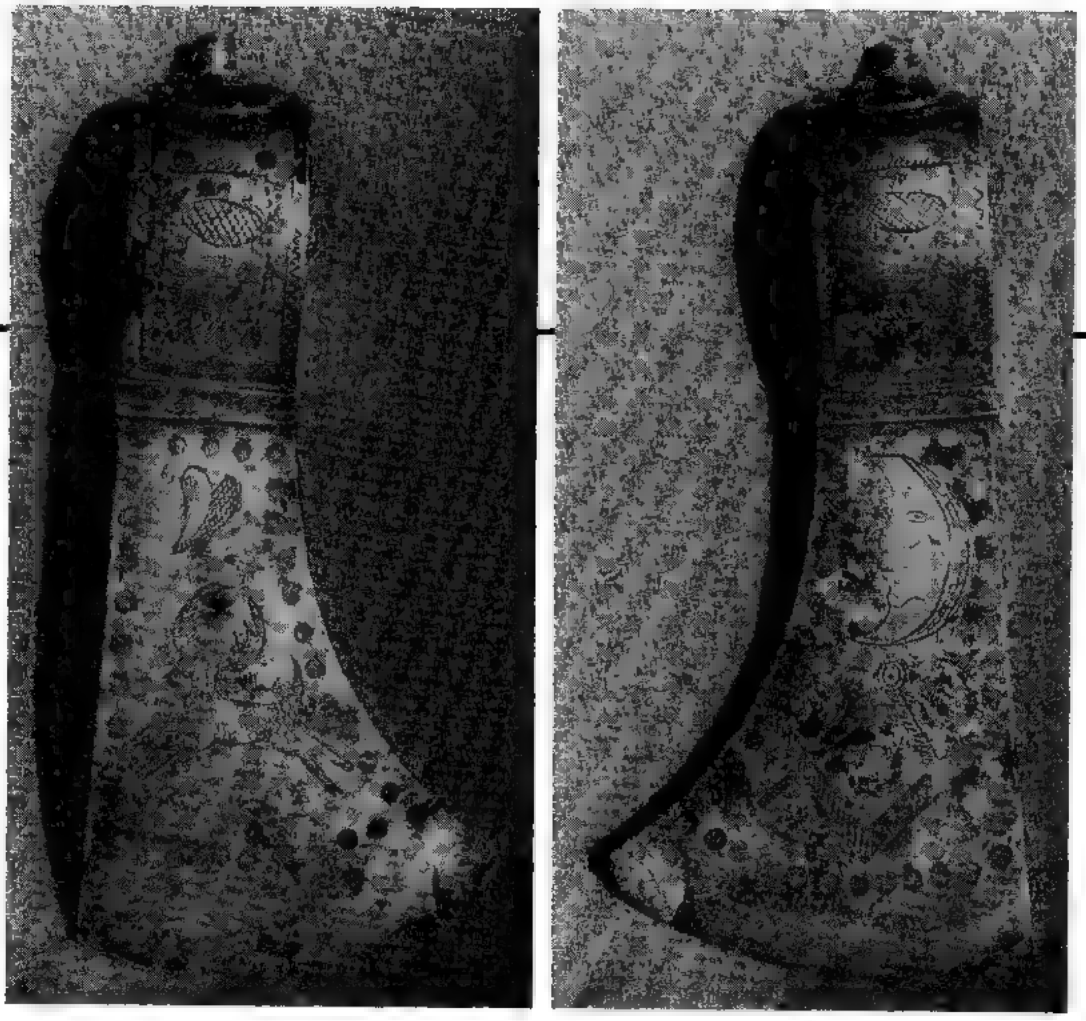
"You probably stole this pistol too. If you're not going to use it, I'll take it. Now you have til sunup in the morning to turn every bit of my stuff over. Leave it where the trail joins the road, and I'll pick it up. I'm giving you a chance. You take everything to the highway by six in the morning."

When we got up the next morning, Slim was gone, but to nobody's surprise, he came back minus his plunder. He had taken everything and left it where Tom Teffteller had told him to.

"I'll kill that s.o.b.," Slim raved. "I will. I'll go over there with my gun.

"You missed your chance," was the consolation he got from us. He cried and cussed and finally he left on foot. He must have caught a ride to Quemado for that was the last we saw of Slim Smithson.

That was the closest to a killing I ever came. Everybody thought until then that Slim would fight, but when the chips were down, he took a left hand turn.



THE MYSTERIOUS TOMAHAWK

By WILLIAM JOHNSON and LIONEL E. SANDFORD

Photos from the authors

THIS mysterious silver-inlaid Indian tomahawk, with what appear to be etchings of Masonic symbols, is owned by Minden, Nevada, dentist Robert Edwin Mauk.

Mauk, who keeps the object displayed in a glass case in his office, says the tomahawk was taken from a dead Indian by his great-grandfather. The elder Mauk killed the Indian before the Indian could kill him.

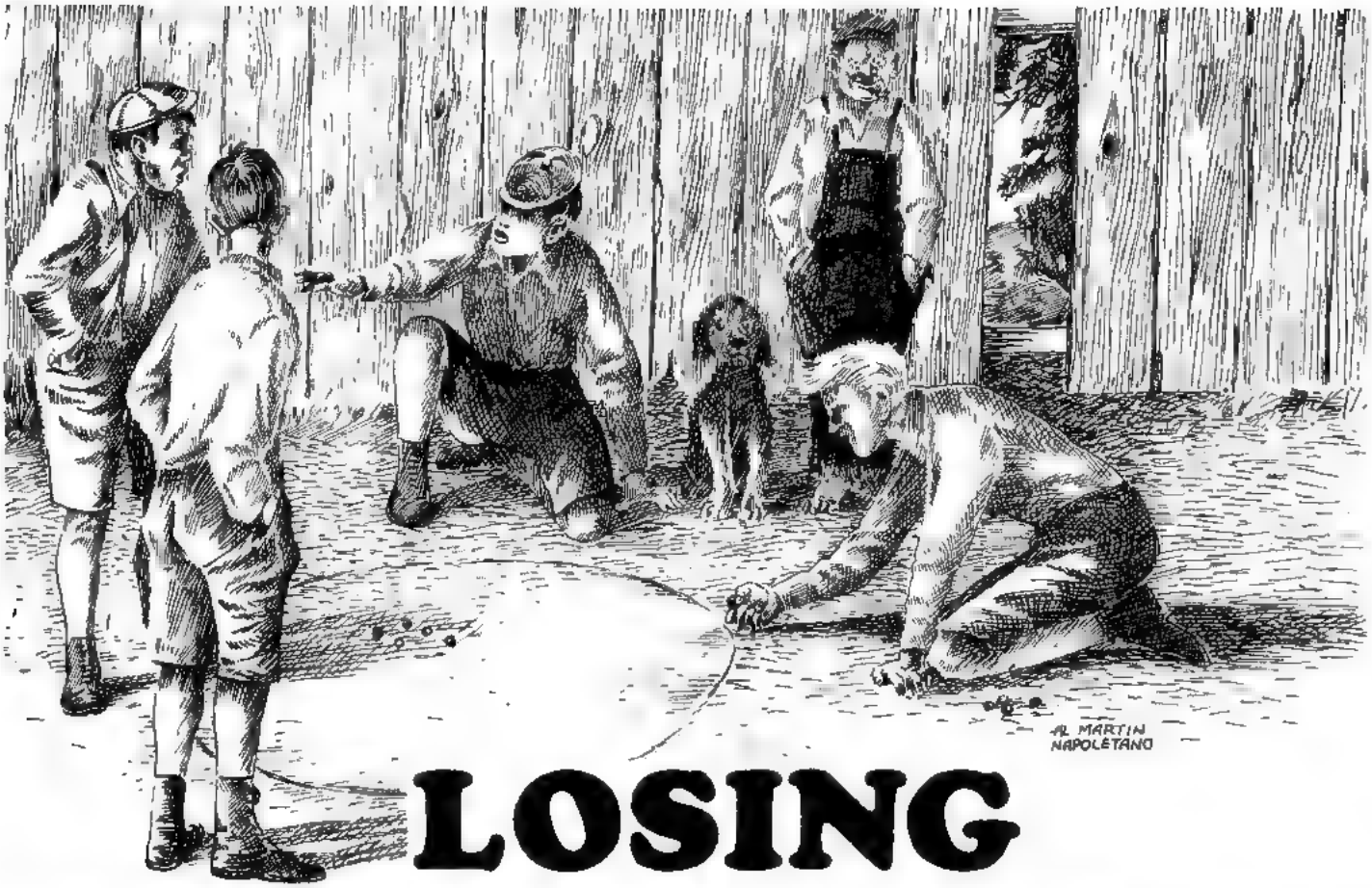
As Robert Mauk tells the story, his great-grandfather, Franklin Edwin Mauk, had come west with his family as part of the forty-niners' gold rush to California. The family got as far west as Coloma, California, in 1852.

In 1866, they lived at Silver Mountain, Nevada, a booming town of 10,000 at the southern end of the Carson Valley. Franklin Mauk was 18 that year and, among other duties, delivered mail on horseback to outlying districts.

On one such venture along the Kit Carson trail through Diamond Valley, Frank was suddenly confronted by an Indian who had been hiding behind a boulder. The Indian's arrow struck Frank in the thigh. Frank dropped off his horse and played dead. But he managed to draw a derringer he always carried concealed.

The Indian, presuming Frank was dead, walked over and kicked his foot. Just as the Indian leaned over to take the scalp, Frank shot him. He picked up the Indian's tomahawk, mounted his horse, and rode to the nearest ranch for medical attention.

Dr. Mauk's family surmise the Indian obtained the engraved tomahawk during an Indian attack on a wagon train. The markings and work are such they appear to have been made by a frontier blacksmith.



LOSING YOUR MARBLES

BY THOMAS E. PRESTON
Illustration by Al Martin Napoletano

MARBLES have been known to man since ancient time. They were found in tombs of the ancient Egyptians; even the Aztecs of Mexico played the game of marbles.

It is not known how the ancients used or played marbles; the round glassy objects might have had a religious connotation. Or they simply might have been used in games.

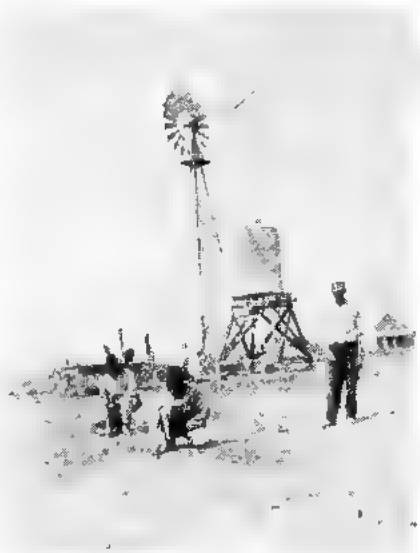
The game is thought to have been imported to America by Hollanders who immigrated to Pennsylvania. As the frontier moved westward, the game spread to the hinterlands.

In rural America during the 1800s, marble games came of age. Marble playing reached a high point about the turn of the century. Marbles were played by children and adults, but were most popular with youngsters up to age nineteen.

More valuable than money to children, marbles were a medium of exchange. Youngsters took their marbles very seriously. The expression "losing your marbles," however, had a different meaning in those days than it does now.

To lose one's marbles was truly a traumatic experience. After all, one didn't just go out and buy marbles. Think of the loss of face if friends saw you buying marbles! So little brother's Chinese checker marbles strangely disappeared.

Bottle collectors wonder why it is so hard to find the old loop-type soda bottles intact. That was the bottle with the little glass marble inside. Kids would break the bottle to get at the treasured marble.



Courtesy Thomas E. Preston

The marble game at the farm near Pearl, Texas. In the game are, from left, Otis Whitt, Adney Bishop and Holbert Whitt.

BUT NO MATTER how one's marbles were obtained, whether by begging, borrowing or trading, no self-respecting marble shooter would be caught buying marbles. They just came into one's possession.

Marbles earned a place in American literature as well. Tom Sawyer told Jim that he would give him a "marvel," a white alley at that, to whitewash the fence for him. Tom was talking hard currency, at least among marble shooters. A "marvel," of course, was a marble. A white alley was a type made from alabaster and it was highly prized.

Marbles were made from many materials including agate, alabaster, baked clay, glazed clay, porcelain, glass, various gem stones (jade, etc.), and even steel around the turn of the century.

Usually producing a steely during a game would result in a fight. However, certain marbles, such as "aggies," were highly prized while "commies," or clay marbles, were looked down upon.

Though there were many types of marble games, three varieties predominated: Chase games, in which marbles were shot at along a course; ring games, in which marbles inside a ring were targets for other marbles, and hole games where marbles were shot at little holes in the ground.

WHILE ALL GAMES varied, the basic game played in the West, because of the wide open spaces found on farms and ranches, involved a ring about ten feet in diameter.

"Keepsies" or "for keeps" usually was played to make the game more interesting. That meant the player kept the marbles he won.

Each shooter dumped or arranged his marbles, sometimes in the form of a cross, in the middle of a circle drawn in the dirt. The players would "lag" to see who gets to shoot first. This involved shooting or pitching their shooters at a line in the dirt. Closeness to the line determined the order of shooting.

The shooter marble, or "taw," was larger than the other marbles and usually never changed hands unless by prior arrangement of winner take all. Usually, the shooter remained with a family generation after generation. They could be cracked or chipped but they were treasured possessions.

The players shoot in order. At least one knuckle has to be in contact with the ground until the shooter marble leaves his hand.

The player starts outside the ring at any point. He shoots into the ring trying to knock one or more marbles out of the ring. He then shoots from where his taw landed and continues to shoot until he fails to knock a marble from the ring.

The shooter then picks up all marbles he knocked out of the ring and pockets them. Real marble players often had a bag, sometimes a sausage sack, a well-darned sock or a tobacco pouch, for their marbles.

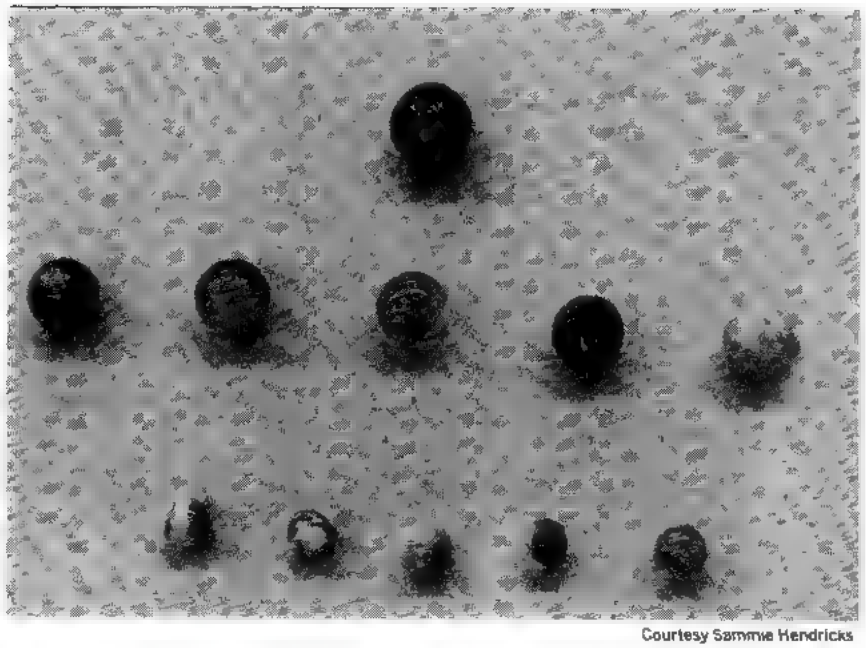
Then, the next player takes his turn and so on until there are no more marbles left in the circle. Rules varied depending on local custom, but all rules were similar.

MARBLES entertained several generations of young people and made the hard work of the American West a little easier to bear.

It's a shame that few young people today enjoy the game. Ironically, the game still is played in northern inner cities, but on pavement and concrete rather than dirt.

Marbles can usually by found around any old farmhouse. They were a part of the American West where people worked hard for a living but were still able to enjoy themselves. It was a time when the click of marbles and laughter of kids went hand in hand.

It meant something different in the old west than it means today



Courtesy Sammie Hendricks

Various types of marbles shown include large baked clay taw or shooters (at top); glazed clay shooter, Uncle Otis' well-chipped agate shooter, glass cateye shooter, rusty turn-of-the-century steely, and white porcelain taw, middle row; and swirled glass marbles found near an old farmhouse, bottom row.

Wild Old Days

Dead Horse, Bag of Oats Sparks Trial

By Don Miller

A DEAD HORSE and a bag of oats caused a fiery and violent trial during the winter of 1862 in what is now west-central Montana. It may have been Montana's first trial.

Tin Cup Joe, a half-breed French-Canadian trapper, was plaintiff. He had abandoned his trap lines in the Bitterroot Valley and, accompanied by his Indian wife and a half-starved horse, came to the ranch of Cornelius C. "Baron" O'Keefe located in a canyon known as the Coriakan Defile. The canyon was named after a trapper who was ambushed and killed there by Blackfoot Indians in the 1840s.

Cornelius C. "Baron" O'Keefe

The defendant — O'Keefe — was born in County Cork, Ireland. The pressures of grinding poverty brought on by the potato famine of 1845 and the backlash of his political agitation against the English government which led to his sentenced exile in Tasmania caused O'Keefe to leave his homeland. The wily Irishman escaped from a prison ship and traveled to California via Cape Horn. He settled on a ranch near Hellgate and near presentday Missoula, Montana. Here he became known as "baron" because people thought he had been a land baron in Ireland.

As was the custom of the frontier, Tin Cup Joe and his woman — and horse — were immediately and unquestioningly welcomed at the O'Keefe spread. The baron and his brother were about to set out for the Blackfoot Valley to meet with trail builder Lt. John Mullan. The baron asked Tin Cup Joe to watch over his ranch in the brothers' absence.

Baron O'Keefe warned Tin Cup Joe to keep his swaybacked horse away from the seed oats O'Keefe was harboring for the following spring's planting. The O'Keefe brothers then left the ranch.

ONE OF THE first sights greeting O'Keefe on his return was Tin Cup Joe's horse eating the baron's precious seed oats. O'Keefe flew into a rage and drove the horse from the barn. The beast fell into a partially excavated root cellar and died before anyone could get him out.

The horse was an indispensable part of Tin Cup Joe's livelihood, so he, too, flew into a rage and stormed to Hellgate to parley with his friend, Justice of the Peace Henry Brooks.

A trial was arranged in Bolte's Saloon — a dark, dank place with one door and

a few tiny windows. Henry Brooks functioned as judge, and Frank Woody was self-appointed prosecuting attorney.

As the proceedings began, Woody charged that O'Keefe had attacked Tin Cup Joe's horse with a pitchfork. The baron grew angrier and angrier. When he could no longer stand the pressure of being accused of falsehoods, he stood and approached Woody.

His eyes blazing and his red hair bristling, he demanded to know where Woody gained his "credentials." Woody responded by reaching into his pocket and producing a pack of cards. He fanned the cards in front of the Irishman's nose. Then he asked to see the baron's "credentials." O'Keefe's credentials turned out to be a hard fist slammed between Woody's eyes.

A fight broke out in the "courtroom" and a Frenchman struck the baron over the head with a stool. But the blow didn't knock out the tough Irishman. The battle raged for several minutes. Finally Baron O'Keefe dusted off his clothes and left.

Some semblance of order was restored, and it was decided that O'Keefe should pay $40.00 damages to Tin Cup Joe.

The baron never paid the fine.

SACK OF HUMAN BONES GIVES CLUES

By Don Bell

RUFE KING, with his large moustache, small-brimmed hat, and Bisley Colt pistol, seemed line a hero to me in 1922 when I was an easily impressed boy of ten. Rufe was, even then, known as THE bad man of Kansas.

It was while King was released on a $25,000 bond that he hired out as a barn man for the Topeka Transfer and Storage Co. My father, F.L. Bell, was a teamster for that company owned by E.F. White. King's job was to take care of the many teams of large draft horses. He would let me ride on these work horses, and sometimes he gave me candy. King was friendly to all the kids, but when my mother found out I was hanging around the barn where Rufe King worked, she warmed my behind.

At the turn of the century, Rufe King established a large horse barn in Maple Hill, Kansas. Maple Hill is in Waubaunsee County at the northern edge of the Flint Hills. It was rumored that he was a former outlaw from the Cherokee Nation. There were also rumors that he had been with the Henry Starr gang and the Younger gang.

In spite of the rumors, he seemed perfectly law-abiding. He acquired a few acres and a large livery barn in Maple Hill about 1905, and settled into the community as a businessman. Many traveling salesmen rented Rufe's rigs to cover the big territory where they sold their merchandise.

This was during Prohibition, but Rufe managed to sell some moonshine. Being a gambler, he also ran a poker game. The livery business was a front for him. He even kept a few thoroughbred race horses.

King didn't raise any grain or hay for his horse, though. When he needed feed, he hitched up a team and wagon and helped himself to any stack that belonged to a neighbor. People were afraid of him. He had a reputation of being a bully — a bare knuckle fighter who always wore a pistol on his hip.

Usually he was a quiet man, but when he got drunk he was a terror. He had whipped the town bully with ease, so the natives gave him plenty of room. He had a small home near his livery barn where he lived as a bachelor.

THROUGHOUT THE FLINT Hills of Kansas, the name of Rufe King was a household word. That was during World War I before anyone suspected he was a murderer. He acquired several horses and wagons from unknown sources. He was always trading horses and often got the best in the trade. But suspicions were aroused. He often grazed horses on anyone's pasture and then would go away on a trip. No one knew where he went and no one ever asked.

While he was gone on one of these trips, a few of the locals investigated an old lean-to shed on King's ranch. They found a sack full of human bones hanging from a rafter.

It was well-known around the country that a jewelry salesman had rented a buggy and a driving horse from King ten years before, but no one had seen or heard of the salesman since. King became the prime suspect in foul play, but there was no evidence. People were afraid of him so there was no inquiry.

When the sack of bones was discovered, however, the news spread like fire. While King was away, all the neighbors got shovels and started to dig up the property.

A local blacksmith who had been in poker games with King remembered

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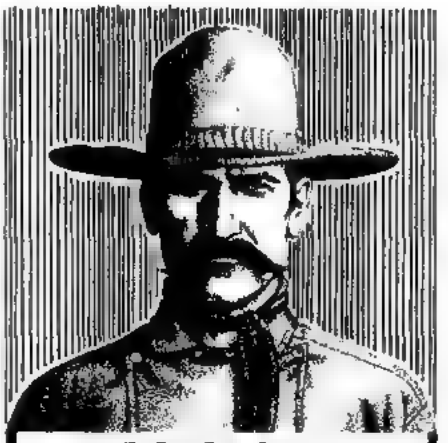

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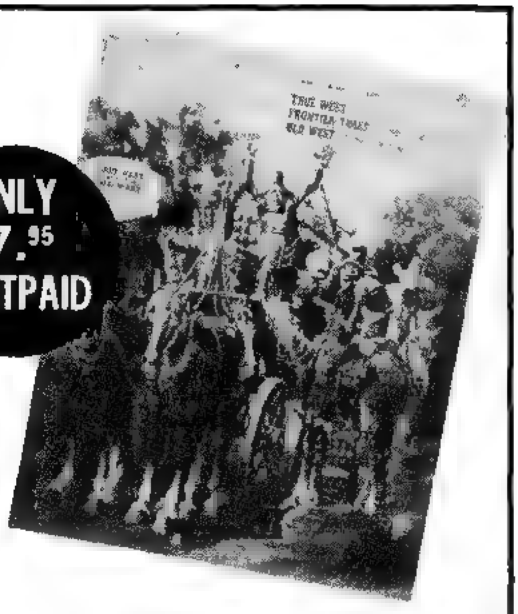

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asking King about some fresh blood on a box stall. King told him that he had to shoot a horse that had a broken leg. King showed the blacksmith the grave where he had supposedly buried the horse. The grave was dug up and they found a human skeleton wrapped in a horse blanket.

The sack of bones was shipped to the crime laboratory in Topeka where the bones were identified as the remains of the jewelry salesman, Reuben Gitshall, missing since December 8, 1909.

The body dug from the 'horse grave' was identified as Ned Woody, a farmer from Paxico, Kansas. King had taken Woody's team and wagon. A third body was identified as John Ringer.

Every available detective and lawman worked on this case. King was arrested on August 21, 1919 in Good Pasture, Colorado. He returned in leg irons to Eskridge, Kansas to stand trial.

When King was arrested, he declared that he was innocent and claimed that someone was trying to frame him. By now he had reached world notoriety and even my own mother threatened me with, "If you aren't good, Rufe King will get you!"

It seemed that all of Kansas came to see the trial of the "Murder King of Kansas." Eskridge was packed with people; the hotel was filled and many camped out in tents.

Records show that 165 men were questioned before an impartial jury could be selected. The small courthouse was full to overflowing. King was defended by two lawyers: John J. Schenck and Otis E. Hungate. Rufe declared his innocence and then pleaded the Fifth Amendment and never spoke another word.

The remains of the bodies were displayed at the trial. There was some talk that these bones were the remains of people who had been killed in a train wreck near Maple Hill in 1904.

Rufe King was found guilty of first degree murder and was sent to Topeka to be confined in the county jail. Later, he was taken to the state prison at Lansing, Kansas, to serve the rest of his life.

King was a model prisoner and never admitted any guilt in the murders. His health failed, and in 1947, Rufe King died. He was buried at Topeka, Kansas in the Mt. Hope Cemetery.

While he had been out on bond, everyone treated him with fearful respect. After he was in jail, however, everyone talked loud and claimed Rufe King had always been a rough character.

IT TOOK TWO ROPES TO LYNCH A MAN

By Martha Ferguson

SPINDLETOP, the world's most famed gusher, roared in near Port Arthur, Texas, the morning of January 10, 1901, at 10:30. It was called the Anthony F. Lucas after the man who brought in the well. Spindletop produced from 75,000 to 100,000 barrels of oil per day from a depth of only 1,160 feet during its period of free flow. The well was partially capped after six days.

Port Arthur's population almost doubled within the next two weeks as oil men from all over America came to buy leases. The first great American oil boom was on.

Plank houses sprang up along Lake Sabine. According to the 1901 *Herald*, Port Arthur's first newspaper, the W.E. Hall Lumber Co. supplied the town with "yellow pine and cypress." John W. "Bet a Million" Gates, early on the scene, was president and George M. Craig was manager of the Port Arthur Rice Milling Co.

Wooden sidewalks that sank into mud ran along a few of the town's streets. Huge, black mosquitoes forced people to sleep under mesquito bars and cover their hats with gauze. Rats and snakes were everywhere.

Fancy ladies paraded the streets in fringed phaentons drawn by fat, high-stepping horses with spotted dogs usually at their heels. The ladies were usually housed over one or another of Port Anthur's twenty-three saloons. They flaunted their charms in feather boas, silks, and satins.

THERE WERE many killings over women, dice, oil, whiskey, and wild ducks in the rough seaport town. But there was only one lynching.

Reprobates and roustabouts poured into the new oil camp seeking to cash in on the boom. Many ended up laboring on the wharves loading and unloading vessels.

Such a man was Sweeney. Red-haired, an immigrant in his mid-thirties, he had drifted to southeast Texas from some place up north. No one knew much about him. Nor did anyone seek the pleasure of his company except a co-worker named Kaumback.

The two men batched together in the heart of the downtown area. Their shack was near "Mistreatin' Alley" which ran between Houston Avenue and San Antonio Avenue. The alley was infamous as a place where the women mistreated the men and for the great number of men killed by law officers on raids.

One day during the winter of 1901, not long after Spindletop had blown in, Sweeney and Kaumback quarreled on the docks. When their work day was over, Sweeney went to a saloon to nurse his wounded feelings. Then he went home to find his roommate peacefully asleep. Sweeney stabbed Kaumback to death with a sword that one of them owned, after which he went out on the street to report to everyone what had happened.

Men swarmed into the shack to see the corpse while Sweeney, remembering his duty as host, passed around a box of cigars. Blood was spattered everywhere.

Sheriff Tom Langham arrested Sweeney and took him to Beaumont, the county seat. Sweeney was released, probably on bond, and he returned to Port Arthur that night.

An eerie east wind whipped through the open portals of the Kansas City, Pittsburgh, and Gulf Railroad Depot at the head of Procter Street. When Sweeney alighted from the train, he checked to see that his overcoat was buttoned.

A group of dock workers met him and rustled him to the corner of Fifth Street and Dallas Avenue.

"You killed Gus Kaumback," the mob shouted, "so you get this!"

Sweeney did not realize what they meant to do. He thought at first that the whole thing was a joke. A man staking his cow nearby soon lost his rope to the mob. There was a handy light pole just at that corner, complete with guy wire.

Sweeney called out even as they put the rope around his neck, "Somebody give me a chaw of tobacco!" He still thought it was a joke.

About that time, the rope tightened and Sweeney swung free of the ground. In his overcoat pocket he had two newspapers, the Chicago *Leader* and the *Saturday Blade*, that he had acquired either in Beaumont or on the train. The newspaper swung with him.

But the rope that was to stake out a cow was too rotten for lynching a stocky man. It broke. Sweeney was convinced at that point that his situation was no joke.

Jeff Kennedy, owner of the Bucket of Blood Saloon — which earned its nickname because of the number of men who had been pistoled down in there — had tied his horse in front of the Peek house near the scene of the lynching. He got his horse and headed that way to see what was going on. On his saddle he carried a coiled rope. The mob appropriated Kennedy's rope and finished lynching Sweeney.

THE SHERIFF in Beaumont obtained warrants and sent a deputy to Port Arthur to question every man in town who was known to have been away from his home that night. The deputy then, ordered the suspects to meet at the depot.

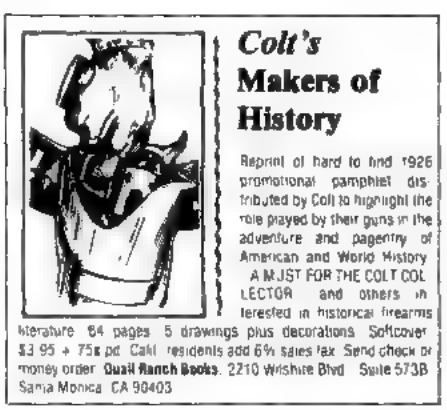
"If I'm not there, just go on to the courthouse in Beaumont," he told them. But nothing came of the investigation.

The night of the lynching had not only been unusually cold for a town with generally mild winters, but the actions of its citizens had been even more out of character. Brawlers and mayhem could be tolerated; vigilante justice could not. Such a thing never happened again.

BANKING ON AN EASY LIFE

By N.S. "Nib" Dallison

HENRY WELLS was an all-around cowhand. He punched longhorn cattle in northeast Oklahoma for around forty years he claimed. This would have been from the time he was large enough to crawl up a horse's leg to get in the sad-



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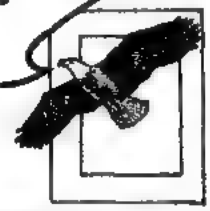

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dle as he was only about forty when he was bragging.

In the fall of 1920, Henry was working on a leased spread near the town of Fairfax, situated along the south of Salt Fork of the Arkansas River in the Osage Reservation. He had worked hard all summer since they had unloaded several train loads of cattle from the Texas swamps via Fort Worth.

They had to run the cattle through the dipping vat — always a dirty, tiring job — then they had to change the old brands to the bosses' and get the herds located near water and feed.

All summer there were rumors of a new order of things. The Texas cattle were to be replaced by herefords, durams, and shorthorn cattle; the range would be fenced and the ranges would no longer be leased to the Kansas and Texas cattlemen. To use the grass one must have a headright. This meant one had to be a member of the Osage tribe or have married a member.

Wells condescended to dig postholes and use a wire stretcher, hammer and drive staples. He had even raked and baled hay, a thing no self-respecting cow waddie of the old school would think of doing.

Mulling all this in mind, Wells concluded he would draw his pay and go down the road. He collected his month's wages — all $30 of it. He owed $12 to the boss, he'd used this much for Bull Durham tobacco, a pair of Levis and a hickory shirt. That left $18, to spend as he pleased.

Wells believed when he hit Pawhuska he'd invest in a new pair of Justin boots and he still could eat a town meal of Kansas City sirloin, boiled potatoes and red-eye gravy, and maybe a piece of apple pie.

Catching his Sunday horse, a long-legged Claybank gelding, Wells rode up to the ranch office and told the bookkeeper he wanted his pay. He said he believed there was an easier way to live. He went to the bunkhouse where he collected his few belongings, and rolled them with a heavy blanket in a rubber pancho.

Next morning Wells leisurely threw his saddle and bridle on his horse, ate a good breakfast, then put his Claybank into a short lope for town. He crossed the Salt Fork where it ran shallow and slowly ambled into town.

When Wells arrived in town, he went through back alleys until he reached the side of the Fairfax bank where he hitched his mount. It started to drizzle. Wells untied his southwesterner (yellow slicker) from the back of the saddle and put it on. Then he slipped his 30-30 from its boot and, after tying his blue bandana over the lower part of his face, he was ready to make a withdrawl at the bank.

WHEN HE OPENED the bank door with the 30-30 under his slicker, he noticed only one teller on duty. He walked up to the cage. The teller was looking over some papers but glanced up and threw both arms as high as they would go.

Wells had eased the rifle barrel out just enough to give the bank clerk an eye full. Then Wells said, "There is no use telling you to hands-up, so just put all your bills in one of your sacks and I'll be on my way." This is exactly what the frightened teller did. Wells also grabbed a money sack full of silver and backed out the door.

The robber quickly mounted his horse and galloped up the dirt street. The bag of silver kept slipping from his grasp. As he was going swiftly by the school house where several children were playing, he heaved the sack toward them. Needless to say, pandemonium set in. Wells always got a big kick out of telling how the kids scrambled over those nickles, dimes, and quarters.

Wells made a clean getaway although several horsemen gave him a good chase for a while. But he was on a fast steed, known for fleetness and stamina.

After a short time in Pawhuska enjoying his easy money — $750 — Wells was picked up. His buckskin horse was recognized. He was found guilty and sent to prison for two years.

This robbery by horseback was the last one in Oklahoma. Thereafter, robbers would use an automobile.

After his release, Wells took the owlhoot trail and rode with several gangs. In the early 1930s, Wells belonged to one of the most notorious gangs of the time — the Al Spencer band of bank robbers. They were often in Bartlesville; in fact, they kept living quarters on Second Street, the red light district.

These men were never apprehended because local law officers were warned not to mess with the outlaws or the lawmen would be killed. The gang held up a passenger train in Okesa. In the robbery, the mail sacks were taken, causing it to be a federal case. The F.B.I. soon corralled the men. Wells received a sentence of seven-and-a-half years. Al Spencer was shotgunned down. Others served time.

Wells was out in two years. He had all

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the owlhooting he needed.

Besides being known as the last saddleback bank robber, Wells was also in on the last train robbery in Oklahoma. The old owlhooter died peaceably in his bed in the mid-1950s.

Small Talk

(Continued from page 9)

not to be forgotten.

The first issue of *True West* didn't break any records and fooled the office force considerably in its lack of a smashing newsstand sale. I was a little more used to disappointments in new magazines especially, so my figures were considerably lower in our "pot estimations."

However, it grew from the first issue. In fact, it grew to the point that I couldn't take care of it, sell all of the advertising it took to keep *Western Sportsman* alive, edit both magazines and do promotional circulation work on both publications. So I sold *Western Sportsman* to a man on the Pacific Coast and put all of our energies into *True West*. The man had stars in his eyes with reference to *Western Sportsman*, put too much into it and went broke and turned it back to me.

Readers were asking for monthly issuance of *True West*. It had started out as a bi-monthly, then quarterly. About that time I heard from J. Marvin Hunter of Bandera, Texas, who had put a lifetime in on *Frontier Times*. His health wasn't too good and he wanted me to take it over. I did, and with a confidential flourish, came out with 250,000 copies for the newsstands on the very first issue.

Publishing one magazine one month and the other the next, we effected monthly publication. Also, we got to stay on the newsstands two months, which helped considerably. Things seemed to be going so well with a half million copies on the newsstands each issue and selling a big percentage of them along with about 30,000 subscribers that I decided to come out with *Old West*. The thinking behind this was purely and simply that of Bernard McFadden, who filled newsstands with his love story magazines in order to discourage competition. From then on we never looked back. There was a time when we were publishing eight magazines, including such titles as *Wanderlust, Relics, Badman, Horse Tales*, etc. If you don't think things were booming at this old corral then! There just wasn't enough hours in the day. I had more friends and correspondence all over the world than I can believe even today.

So perhaps you can understand my mood better now that I have briefly described the heyday period, and now it is gone forever. I guess I am one of those people who just simply refuses to retire. Actually, I didn't want to retire *this much*. It's a whole lot easier, but it's not near as exciting!

Well, I am going to depend on you folks to keep writing me. You have never let me down yet. You have been doing this since 1953, when the first issue of *True West* rolled off the presses and I would be terribly lost without your letters. Also, don't forget Chet Krause up at Iola. You can write him at Western Publications, 700 East State Street, Iola, WI 54990.

We have a new editor now, as you know, and he'll be asking for your letters. As I told you before, he's an old Montana country boy and wants like the very devil to put out magazines that make your mouth water, so help him all you can.

Well, that's enough reminiscing for one time. Meanwhile, send along those cards and letters, friends — that's what keeps us going.

So long until later. — Hosstail

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 13)

Missouri.

I also need information on Franklin M. Hust, my great-grandfather. He was born in November 1830, in Virginia, and married Nancy Cecelia Moore in 1865. They had two children: Elija Harrison Hust, born July 8, 1867, in Upper Lake, California; and Isabella Hust, born August 9, 1869, in Upper Lake. She married George W. Vann. We believe Hust died in San Francisco. Any help will be appreciated and I will share any information I have. — Thelma Vann Griner, P.O. Box 376, Upper Lake, California 95485

Shirley — Lankford — Boyce

John Shirley was born in West Virginia. He married Phoebe Cook who was born in New York. Their children were: John (black sheep and father of Belle Shirley Starr) born in 1796, and died in 1804, married Elizabeth Hatfield (?) who was born circa 1824; Samuel Perry, born in 1824 in Caldwell County, Kentucky and Elijah.

John and Elizabeth Shirley's daughter, Myra Maybelle, was born February 5, 1848. She was a blood cousin to my grandmother, Ellen Jane Lankford. I am trying to contact the relatives of Myra Maybelle Shirley's maternal grandmother whose name was either Lankford or Boyce. Ellen Jane Lankford's parents were Abraham Lankford, born 1815 in North Carolina and Nancy Boyce, born in 1813 in South Carolina. — Mrs. Faye Boyd, P.O. Box 187, Adkins, Texas 78101

Cooke — Cook — Lee — Lea — Schuler

I am seeking information regarding William Rene Cooke (or Cook) who was supposedly born in Rock Island, Illinois, in 1861. He left there as a very young man and went West.

He married a Lina (or Lena) Lee (or Lea) and they lived in the Rapid City area of South Dakota, or perhaps in Meade County. I believe Lina was from Nebraska. They had three sons: Ed, Archie, and Hugh; and three daughters: Viola, Bernice, and Rachel. Rachel was a twin. Her mother and twin sister died

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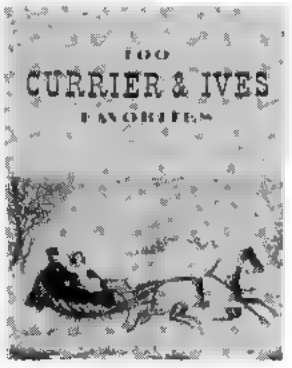

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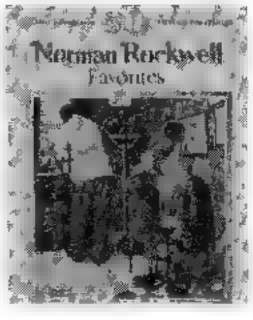

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at the time of birth.

William Cooke was a roundup cook for many years. After the death of his wife he married a Mrs. Green. They separated and he went to Canada in 1911 or 1912, homesteading the Morrin District of Alberta. He married Ruby Schuler, who was from Greenville, Illinois in 1917 in Drumheller and I was born on the homestead in 1918. William Cooke had a brother, Les. Please write if you know anything about these people. — William Raymond Cooke, Box 41, Erskine, Alberta, Canada TOC 1GO

McCaslin-Boyles

I am seeking information regarding the families of my grandparents, William David McCaslin and Mary Adaline Boyles. We believe they were married somewhere in Illinois or Indiana, perhaps migrated to Kentucky and then to the southern part of Missouri, and from there to the Indian Territory before the turn of the century.

W.D. McCaslin said his parents came from Ireland originally. He was born in this country about 1852 and died in Mayes County, Oklahoma in 1935 or '36. Mary Boyles died in Delaware County in July 1915 and they are buried in the Spavinaw cemetery in Mayes County.

It is not known how many brothers and sisters W.D. McCaslin had but names given me of brothers were James, Joseph, Henry and Webster; sisters were Mary Eliza, Mattie, and Holly. I have a picture of Webster taken at a photo studio with a Yellowstone Park address on it. W.D.'s mother died first and for a time his father lived with W.D.'s growing family. I have been told the father's name was James Harvey.

Mary Adaline Boyles was born in 1848 as near as can be determined. Her mother died early in Mary's life and she had a stepmother. We know of two brothers, Will and Joe. Mary was living with her brother Will at the time of her marriage to William David McCaslin.

I have a picture of Mary's father and stepmother. Also a picture of three little boys, Charlie, Henry, and Thomas, dated 1870. The picture is taken from an album which belonged to my grandmother. The photographer is listed as S.P. Eversole, Delphi, Indiana. Clothes worn by Charlie and Henry are of dark material decorated with many white, fairly large, buttons. Mary always stated that she was "Holland Dutch" and the boys' clothing gives that impression.

The above couple reared six children (two died in infancy). It is known that the family lived in southern Missouri in Round Spring, Shannon County and Golden, Barry County before moving to Oklahoma. I do wish to get in touch with my lost relatives of these two families. My mother was a McCaslin daughter. — Pearl B. Smith, 6334 S.E. 19th, Portland, Oregon 97202.

Cronan - Feeney

My grandmother, Margaret Cronan, was born March 19, 1864 in Scranton, Pennsylvania to Michael Cronan and Anna Feeney. Anna was born in Ireland in 1835 and died in Blaine in 1903. Michael was born in Ireland in 1841 and died in Blaine in 1905.

When and where were Anna and Michael married? When did they come to America? Who were their parents?

I would like to hear from anyone who can help me, or from anyone with the name Cronan or Feeney. — Mary H. Kirkpatrick, RR #1, Box 35, Kremlin, Oklahoma 73753.

Crawford

I would like information on Aaron Crawford who was born in Henry County, Kentucky in 1827. Who were his parents? Aaron enlisted in the Mexican War on August 17, 1847. His wife -?- Hendershott, died in 1848 in Lockport, Will County, Illinois. They had two children, Aaron, Jr. and Mary Ann. Where was Aaron, Jr. born? He married Alice -?-. Mary Ann was born in Lockport on February 29, 1848.

Aaron Crawford received bounty land and went to Los Angeles, California. Did he stay there? Did he marry again? When did he die? I would like to hear from descendants or anyone having information. — Lamona Thomas, 484 S. 225 W., Cedar City, Utah 84720.

Richardson

I need information on Enoch Richardson who was born about 1798 and his wife, Permelia, born in 1800. They lived in Moore County, North Carolina in 1821 and moved to Henderson County, Tennessee before 1827.

Their children and year of birth were: Mary Ann, 1821 (married Matt Chamness); Elias, 1824; Brooks W., 1827; Noah, 1832; Elizabeth, 1833; Louisa, 1837; and John, 1839. Did Brooks marry Eliza Jane Bullard in Tennessee or Texas? They became the parents of my great-grandfather, Andrew McDonald

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Richardson who was born in 1852 in Rusk County, Texas.

I also need information on T.C. Richardson who was born in 1918 in El Centro, California. His parents were Willie and Bertha Shelton Richardson. — Mrs. D.E. Kallem, Rt. 1, Box 274-A, Winona, Texas 75792.

Meyer - Mathern
Miller - Wildman

Anna Meyer, daughter of John and Sophia Mathern Meyer, was born July 18, 1868 in Iowa City, Iowa. She married W.H. Miller. Whether she married him in Texas or Iowa prior to moving to Texas, I don't know. She died June 8, 1899 in Fort Worth, Texas.

Anna's sister, Delia, died unmarried on February 4, 1897 in Texas. Another sister, Mary, born February 17, 1877, married Sam Wildman on December 14, 1899, presumably in Texas. She died October 20, 1967 in Texas.

I'm looking for descendants of these families in addition to any information that might be available on them. I will be glad to share such information as I have which is limited to the Meyer family. — Marcia Fiedler, 2104 Hershey Avenue, Muscatine, Iowa 52761.

Frazee-Sturgis

I am searching for information on Elmer George Frazee who was born at Plankinton, Dakota Territory circa 1888. He was the son of George Washington Frazee and Lowella Mary Hoffman. Elmer George Frazee vanished without a trace in the summer of 1905 while herding cattle on the family ranch near Plankinton.

I am also seeking information on second Lieutenant Jack Sturgis who was a member of the U.S. 7th Cavalry under the command of George Armstrong Custer. Jack Sturgis was the only member of the 7th Cavalry whose body was never recovered at the Little Big Horn. His father was commander of Fort Meade which is located one mile east of the city of Sturgis, South Dakota. Any help would be gratefully appreciated. — Marvin Dale Frazee, Reg. No. 23086-175, P.O. Box 1000, Leavenworth, Kansas 66048.

Garrett

My grandfather, William Garrett, was a streetcar conductor in Kansas City, Missouri in 1888 when my father, George Neval Garrett (who died at age 90 in 1978) was born in Rosedale, Kansas. My father never saw his father again after my grandmother, Belle Hinshaw Garrett, died about 1892. My father, his sister Juanita who once lived in Fort Smith, Arkansas, and an older brother, Clyde, with whom he had no more contact, went to live with relatives.

My father never knew where his mother was buried but thought it was around Strasburg, Missouri.

Can anyone tell me if William Garrett married again, had a second family, where and when he died, etc. and tell me anything about his and my grandmother's ancestors? — Robert H. Garrett, 1334 Pepperwood Drive, Modesto, California 95350.

Files-Medlyn

I am trying to find my mother's family. They lived in northwest Arkansas in the late 1800s and early 1900s.

Moses Lillian Files died at Avoca, Arkansas in 1935. His body was sent to Eagle, Nebraska. Sam Files died in 1974 or '75 in Benton County, Arkansas. Who were Elliott and Frank Files? They lived southeast of Pea Ridge, Arkansas.

My grandfather was John Files and my grandmother was Martha Elizabeth Medlyn Files. She died in the 1950s. They had four children: Jack, Cora, Hugh and Clara Marie (my mother).

Jack married Moe Foreman of Bentonville, Arkansas. He was killed in an accident in the 1940s and is buried at Joplin, Missouri.

Cora married ? Johnstone. They had one son, Sonny, and lived at Bakersfield, California where she died in 1946 or '47.

Hugh served in the infantry during World War I. He was a postmaster at or near Flagstaff, Arizona in the 1940s.

Clara Marie was born at Avoca, Arkansas on September 29, 1906. She married a man named Johnson in the late 1920s. They had two children, Lavonne, born 1927 and Faye, born 1930. Their married names are unknown to me.

My mother married Dan Scott in the early 1930s. Two children were born in Guthrie, Oklahoma: Emory Zephaniah on August 4, 1937 and Harriett Elizabeth on November 27, 1939. My mother died February 20, 1949 at Guthrie.

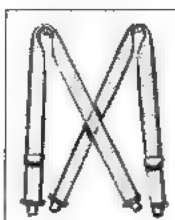
There was a Files family reunion at Pea Ridge, Arkansas in 1972 and 1974. If anyone has a list of those who attended, I would like to have a copy.

I would appreciate hearing from anyone who may have information on my family — Harriett E. Scott Thompson, Rt. 1, Box 282, Catoosa, Oklahoma 74014.

Postert

Johann Wilhelm Postert, known as William Postert, was born February 2, 1859 in D'Hanis, Medina County, Texas. He was last heard from by a letter to my father, Joe Postert, in 1880 or 1882. Some say he could have gone to Cuba during the Spanish-American War.

Any information about him or his descendants will be appreciated. — Louis F. Postert, P.O. Box 54, Bandera, Texas 78003.



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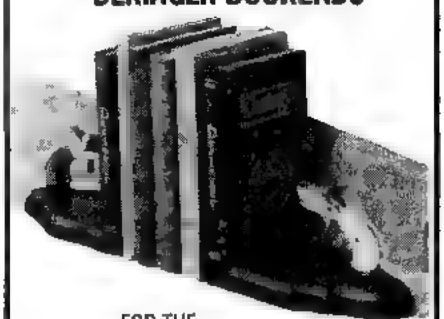

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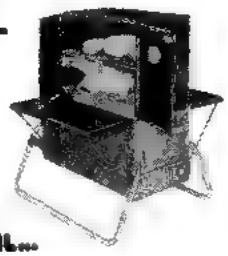

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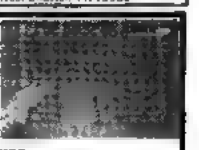

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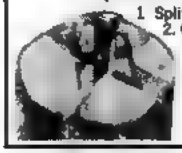

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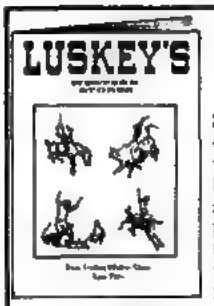

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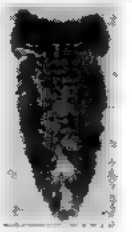

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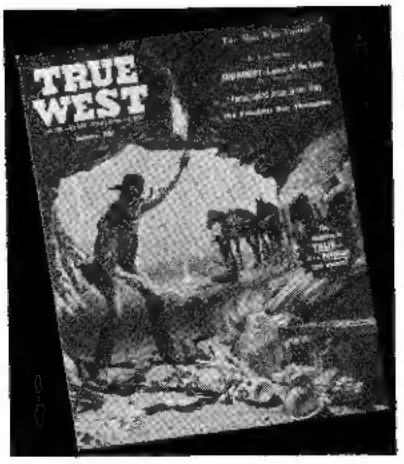

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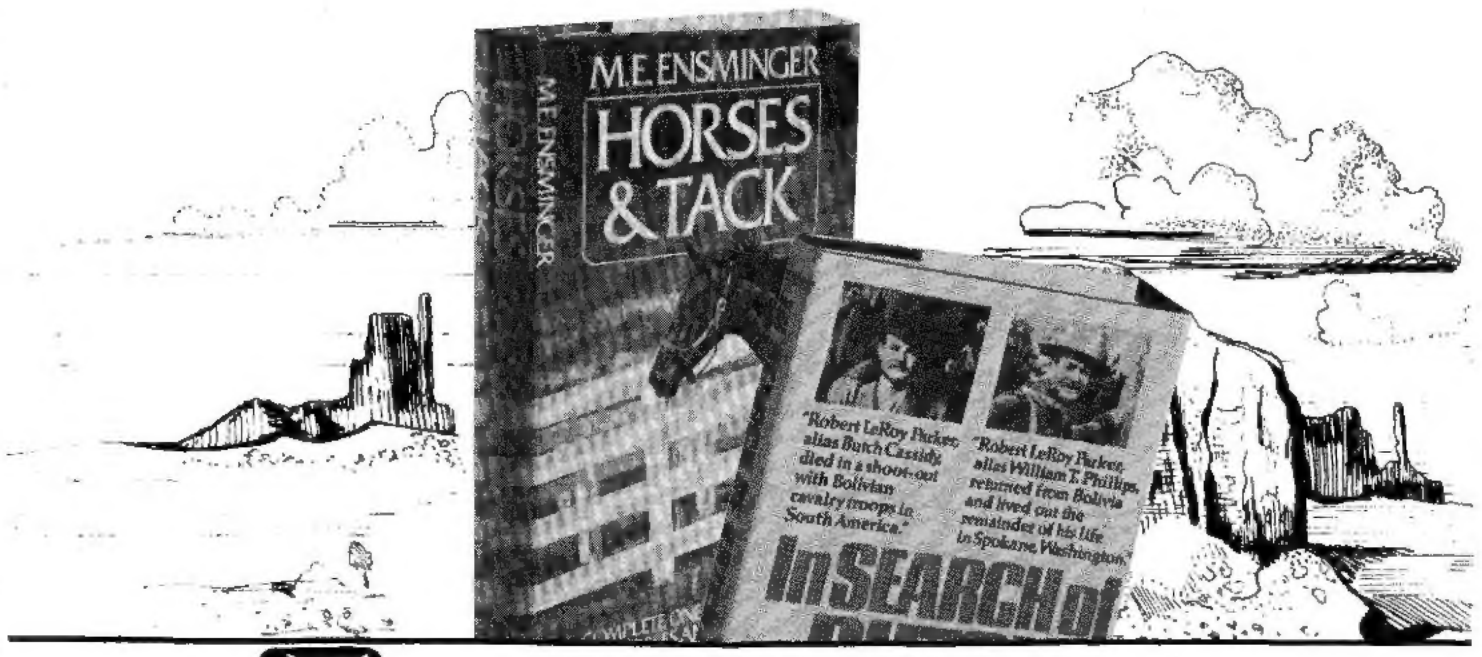
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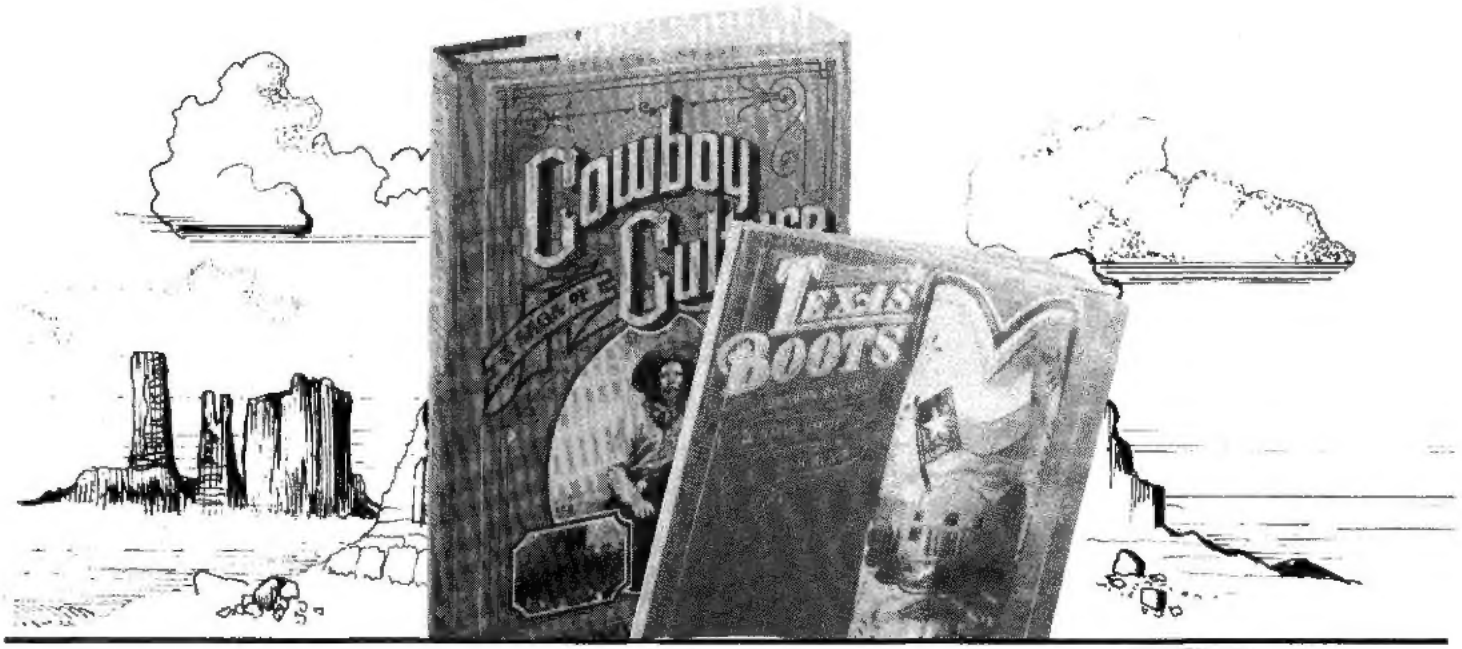

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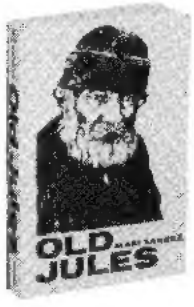

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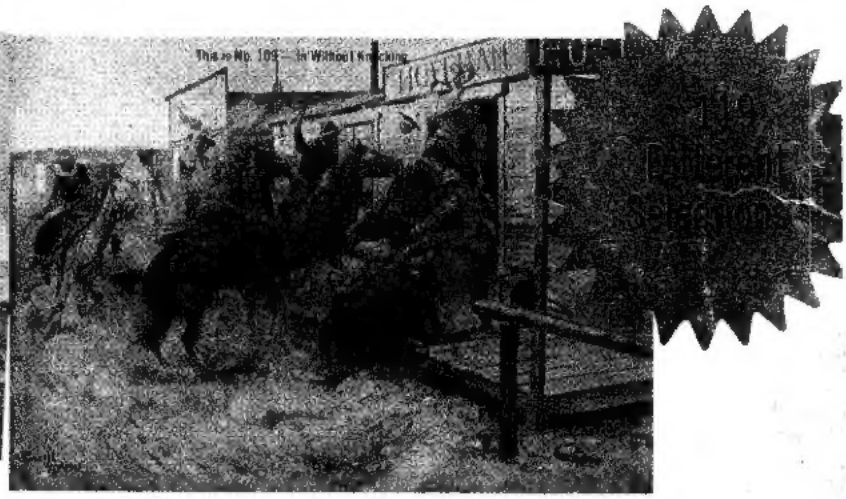

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2—A Tight Dally & Loose Latigo, 13½x9½
3—A Loose Cinch, 11x8
4—A Wounded Grizzly, 8½x11
5—Buffalo Hunt (spears), 11x7½
6—Boss of the Trail Herd, 8x10½
7—Bronc to Breakfast, 15x8½
8—Blackfeet Burning Crow Buffalo Range, 11½x8
9—Bucking Bronco, 8x11½
10—Better Than Bacon, 11x8½ (watercolor)
11—On the Move, 13½x9½
12—Buffalo Hunt (arrows), x2:__x8½ (watercolor)
13—On the Trail, 11x7½
14—The Pony Raid, 10½x8
15—At Close Quarters, 11x8½
16—Capturing the Grizzly, 15x8½
17—Cinch Ring, 15x8½
18—Caught with the goods, 14x9½
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20—Call of the Law, 13½x9½
21—Carson's Men (Kit Carson) 14x9½
22—Return of the Warriors, 13½x9½
23—The Water Girl, 9x10½ (watercolor)
24—Renegades Return, 13½x9½
25—Chief Joseph (Indian Head) 8x11 (watercolor)
26—Deadline on the Range, 14x9½
27—Disputed Trail, 11x14
28—Dangerous ripple, 14x9½
29—In The Wake of the Buffalo Runners, 10x8
30—Early American, 13½x9½
31—Elk in Lake McDonald, 11x8½ (watercolor)
32—First Furrow, 8x12 (watercolor)
33—First Wagon Tracks, 15x8½
34—Finding the Trail, 13½x9½
35—Heads or Tails, 15x8½
36—Heading the Right Way, 13½x9½
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39—Invocation to the Sun, 13½x9½
40—Indian Love Call, 13½x9½
41—Jerked Down, 14x9½
42—The Jerkline, 14x9½
43—Loops & Swift Horses Are Surer Than Lead, 10½x7
45—Last Chance or Bust, 12½x9
46—Mad Cow, 12x8 (watercolor)
47—Wagons Westward, 10½x8 (watercolor)
48—The Challenge, 10½x6½
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55—Who Killed the Bear? 10½x7
56—Queen's War Hounds, 14x9½
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58—Roping a Grizzly, 11x8½
59—Red Man's Wireless, 14x7
60—Roping a Wolf, 11x8
61—Smoking Them Out, 11x10½
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68—Smoke of a .45, 12x9
69—Sage Brush Sport, 13½x8½
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